RECOLLECTIONS
&
WANDERINGS
PAUL BEDFORD

00023682

927.92
Bed/Bed/Rec
23682

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BBRAS

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016

Paul Bedford

From a Photo by C. Newcombe

RECOLLECTIONS AND WANDERINGS

OF

PAUL BEDFORD.

FACTS, NOT FANCIES.

23682
ac
91

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL;
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.
1864.

927.92
Bed/Ser21 Rec
23682

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS WHITEFRIARS.

00023682

Dedicated

TO

HIS PATRONS,

THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Associates.

Edmund Kean.	Madame Catalani.
Schroeder Dèvrient.	Madame Malibran.
Incledon.	Braham.
Miss Stevens.	Miss Paton.
Madame Thillon.	Madame Albertazzi.
Lablache.	Balfe.
Weber.	Horn.
Prince Louis Napoleon.	Count D'Orsay.
Tyrone Power.	Robert Keeley.
Macready.	Elliston.
Lord Byron.	Sir Walter Scott.
Sir John Stevenson.	Daniel O'Connell.
Frederick Yates.	Benjamin Webster.
Sims Reeves.	T. P. Cooke.
J. L. Toole.	John Billington.
Edward Wright.	John Templeton.
Miss Woolgar.	Mrs. Keeley.

Cum multis aliis.

INTRODUCTION.

—♦—

In relating a few incidents and adventures of my infantine, my manhood, and matured career, I am vain enough to imagine it may amuse my numerous friends and multitudinous *acquaintance*, and may be the medium of passing a weary half hour agreeably, either by *rail* or *boat*. With this laconic prologue I will commence my battle of life.

RECOLLECTIONS AND WANDERINGS

OF

PAUL BEDFORD.

THE classical city of Bath is the spot of my birth. I was a very chatty child, and frequently made my little schoolmates laugh in book-time, for which offence I was punished by being put in the corner, decorated with a fool's-cap on my head, which operation caused great merriment among my young schoolmates. Well, up I shot to my tenth birthday, when my honoured father resolved to send me to a boarding-school; and, as a farewell treat, I was taken to Lansdown fair, which is held in the month of August annually. It was there I first beheld the wonders of Richardson's Show,

and I believe it was then I imbibed my love of the art dramatic that became my guiding star in after-life. I should not have recorded my visit to the rustic gathering, had it not been to relate an incident that drew from obscurity a recently deceased celebrity—John Gully, Esq. Some of the most eminent pugilists of bygone days were natives of the West of England—the Belchers, the Game Chicken, &c., &c., and one other ONE that shall be noticed hereafter. In those days the fistic art was regarded as a science, and patronised by the great and wealthy of the land. There always existed a jealousy between the cities of Bristol and Bath as to the pre-eminence of the heroes of pugilism, and it was always the custom to test their respective qualifications by a passage-at-arms, or a tournament pugilistic, on the evening of the fair-day before-mentioned. On that day, there was a trial of skill between the Bath and Bristol champions.

The Bath man was called The Flying Tinman, a fine, well put together young fellow,

ranging from eleven to twelve stone. The Bristol man was a monster of eighteen stone; his cognomen was Sixteen String Jack. The combat took place, and in the course of twenty minutes The Flying Tinman was polished off. The shouts of the Bristol men were terrific, and the hero was carried round the ring in triumph. After that ceremony, the brute made a bouncing speech, saying, if there were any more *Bath squirts* that wanted polishing off, he was quite ready for a dozen of 'em, and that he'd send 'em home to their mothers in his cart, for he was sure they wouldn't be able to walk. Among the spectators were a father and his two sons, as fine specimens of the human form as eyes e'er gazed on. The father's name was Gully, and his son John said, "Father, let me have a set-to with that great brute." "No, John," said his father, "suppose he should kill thee, boy, 'twill be the death of thee dear mother." "Never mind, father," said John, "I shall know when I have got enough;" and with these words he threw his hat in the ring,

which betokens the acceptance of the challenge. When this fine young fellow stripped, he was a model of the human anatomy. The monster saw this comparatively fragile figure before him, and the brute cried out in derision to his man Jack "to get the cart ready, for in ten minutes he should send this babby home to his poor mother a crying." Well, the fight began, and it resulted in the defeat of the Bristol brute, who had to be carried to his own cart, amidst the joyous shouts of the people, who were bearing on their shoulders young Gully round the ring in triumph.

The father of our hero was a country butcher and innkeeper at the beautiful village of Wick, seven miles from Bath. The fame of young Gully in having defeated Sixteen String Jack, the Bristol champion, soon reached the great metropolis, and emissaries arrived with tempting offers to induce him to visit London, and enter the prize ring. For a time all temptation was rejected, in deference to the feelings of his parents. At last, however, he obtained

permission to visit London, and his most brilliant achievements were in defeating the giant Gregson twice. His straightforward and manly conduct obtained for him the patronage of the highest of the land, by whom he was introduced to another and much more agreeable ring—I mean the race-course—and where, by his honourable conduct, he became the most distinguished member of the Corner—commonly called Tat's. He bought racers, he bred racers, and truly ran the beautiful animals, whereby he amassed a splendid fortune, ultimately becoming member of Parliament for Pomfret, in Yorkshire; and when he passed from among us, he was sincerely regretted by all classes who had the pleasure of his friendship or acquaintance. Having paid this tribute of respect to the brave departed, I now return to myself. At the age of fourteen I left school, and still retaining my chatty qualifications, my father determined on making me an auctioneer, and I was placed with the distinguished firm of English and Co., known as the George Robins

of the West of England. I adorned that establishment four years. At that period volunteering was all the rage. An officer who had served his country with distinction in the West Indies, being invalided, returned to England, and took up his quarters in Bath, for the purpose of profiting by the medicinal qualities of its celebrated waters. The wearied soldier soon recovered health, and became upright as a dart, and when on the eve of departure to rejoin his regiment in the West Indies, an order was sent down from Government to form a battalion of volunteers, and this experienced officer was appointed to the command.

When he, by his military skill, perfected the corps in the use of arms, and they became the admiration of all beholders, more particularly of the fair part of creation, and I being somewhat envious of this military adulation lavished on the other lads of the village, I obtained the parental consent, and joined the staff. In the company to which I was attached, we had a comrade who was an object of great laughter

among us, he being fully developed, carrying an immense bow window at the front part of his person, and a corresponding development at his rear; and when our chief, with the drill-sergeant, inspected the men, these obstacles to the line of beauty presented themselves, and as our officer passed in front, he'd lay his cane gently on the obtruding figure of our full-blown comrade, saying, "Dress back!" The order was obeyed, but the movement made his anatomy more conspicuous to the military eye of the commander as he passed down the line in the rear, and again he gently placed his cane upon the projection, saying, "Dress up!" so that our comrade was continually bobbing backward and forward, to the great merriment of the whole corps.

About that period, an event occurred that put our military ardour to the test. In the city of Bristol there is a bridge, that spans the river Avon and connects the counties of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. On the centre of that structure the authorities had established a

turnpike gate, which was the cause of great discontent for years. At last it became alarmingly serious, for it was the highway from the Black country, where the coals come from, and when the pike-toll was demanded, it so irritated the purveyors of that useful domestic blessing, that, ultimately, it produced an open rebellion —a sort of Rebecca Riot. The rioters burnt down the obnoxious gate, and committed other enormities; for be it understood, when the children from the Black country once get their monkeys up, they are not easily controlled; and the consequence was the military were called out, behaving with great forbearance, and for some days, by way of alarming the natives, fired blank cartridge over their heads. However, matters became so serious, the soldiers being pelted with volleys of stones, that the general ordered a volley of the raw material to be dispensed among them. This movement caused a panic among the discontents, and a somewhat comic incident occurred. One of the poor fellows caught pepper, and as he was

hobbling away from the scene of action, he was met by a reinforcement of country lads, hurrying to the battle ground. He hailed 'em, and warned 'em of the danger they were running by going towards the bridge.

"Why, what's up?" said one of the new comers. "They be only a firing o' paper."

"They have changed their minds," said the wounded one. "I tell 'e they be a firing a ball!"

"How do thee know they be a firing a ball?"

"How do I know? Oh, I do know well enough, for I ha' got one in my leg here behind, and I be guane home for my Sally to dig 'im out wi' a fork."

However, a few days after the above event, affairs became still more serious, by the reported uprising of the people in the coal districts, so that the general commanding in Bristol feared his military force would not prove strong enough to oppose the threatened invasion of the city by the country people.

Therefore an order arrived in Bath for the assistance of the celebrated volunteer corps of that city; and at four o'clock on a fine summer's morn we were awakened by the drums beating to arms, and at six we began our march amidst the hurrahs of the people, the band playing the martial air of "March to the Battle Field." We arrived at the village of Keynsham, within five miles of Bristol, where we halted to refresh. When the bugle sounded to fall in, and we were about to start, a dragoon came galloping in with a despatch from the general of the district to our chief, thanking him and the regiment for the prompt manner they had obeyed the call to arms, but in consequence of the country people returning to their homes, he (the general) should not require our martial assistance. The officers held a parley, and it was resolved, that, having turned out for a day's pleasure, we should finish the campaign in rustic games—cricket, trap-ball, &c., &c.; and instead of firing balls of destruction upon the unruly, we were engaged

in the more pleasurable occupation of dispensing the balls of recreation in the games above mentioned. We astonished the natives by devouring all eatables and drinkables to be obtained in the village; and foraging parties were despatched to neighbouring farms for fresh supplies. Having enjoyed a most delightful day, the bugle sounded to fall in, and as the shades of evening closed in upon us, we entered our native city, amidst the joyous shouts of the populace, who assembled to welcome the return of their boys from the battle field, the band playing "See the Conquering Heroes come."

The only military demonstration that reminded me of my early martial life was the welcome given to the brave Guards on their return from the Crimean War. By-the-by, I forgot to mention that the brave boy, our commander, who put us in such splendid military form, was the honoured sire of my present governor, Benjamin Webster.

About that period I became a member of

the celebrated amateur theatricals, and the following year I plunged into the regular profession of dramatic art. My first start was at Swansea; from thence I luxuriated at Southampton, Winchester, Chichester, and Portsmouth. The following season I was fortunate in obtaining a position at Bath, as a member of the Theatre Royal. During my novitiate at that establishment, an event occurred that might have obliterated my dramatic prospects for ever, had it not been for the kindness of the individual concerned in my misfortune. It runs thus:—My manager, with whom I was a great favourite, called me to his room one morning, and informed me that the celebrated Edmund Kean was engaged, and would make his appearance in "Richard the Third." I said I should be delighted to see that wonder of the world, and he (my manager) replied by saying, "But, my dear,"—he always called me dear; he was so very kind,—"we want you to enact the Duke of Norfolk with that celebrity." At first I refused, saying I could not undertake

a Shakespearean character. He then said he would teach me the part, and would have a splendid new dress made for me, and that the ladies would admire me. That was enough, and I was doomed. The opening night was fixed, and "Richard the Third" appointed for the first appearance of the coming star.

At that period we had not the advantage of transit by railroad; consequently, after the performance was over at Drury Lane, our hero posted off, arriving in Bath on the morrow morning. He could not attend rehearsals, but to obviate that difficulty, he always sent forward his friend and secretary, Mr. John Hughes, to arrange the stage business for him. Therefore, I saw him not until I met him on the Battle Field of Bosworth; and when the diamond eyes of that wondrous genius met my view, I became terror-stricken and talked anything but Shakespeare.

When Richard said on Bosworth battle-field,

Has any careful friend

Discover'd yet the number of the rebels?

Norfolk.—My lord, as I from spies am well informed,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
Richard.—Why our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Norfolk.—Their wants are greater yet, my lord, those e'en
Of motion, life, and spirit—Did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field;
Oh, such a tattered host of mounted scarecrows!
So poor, so famished; their executors,
The greedy *jack daws*, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

Now, for my misfortune. When I uttered the words, "Jack Daws," the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which mirth the wondrous "Richard" joined. I could not imagine what caused this merriment, but was very

soon illuminated on the point, for on quitting the stage my patron manager came to me in terror, saying, "My dear, you committed a great error." "Why, so, sir?" said I. "Why, my, dear, you mistook the name of the bird. It should have been the 'greedy crows.'" "Oh, pray, sir, forgive me," said I, for my alarm was so great at the moment, I knew not what I said. "But, my dear," said my manager, "what will the great Mr. Kean say to it?" I said, "I am sure I don't know. I suppose I shall have my marching ticket signed." When the tragedy ended amidst a hurricane of applause, I rushed to my dressing-room, and commenced changing my garments, hoping to escape from the theatre unnoticed; but before I had completed my toilet, a knock was heard at the door. "Who is there?" said my attendant. A voice from without replied, by saying "Mr. Kean requested Mr. Bedford would come to his dressing-room before he leaves the theatre." At that summons I became nervously excited.

I approached the dreaded chamber, under the impression of instant dismissal. But not so; for on entering the room and imploring forgiveness for the mistake I had committed, the kind and wondrous tragedian said, "Make no apology, my young friend, for you made me laugh more heartily than I have done for years." He concluded by inviting me to dine with him the following day, which event commenced a friendship that ceased not during the lifetime of that inspired dramatic genius.

Whilst upon this subject, I will relate a few vicissitudes concerning the great Kean, not hitherto recorded, and which I have no doubt will be read with great interest by all lovers of the dramatic art. The following incidents were imparted to me by his early friend and companion, the before-mentioned John Hughes.

Kean the Great was born in London. His aunt (Miss Tidswell) was an actress of some standing, and was a member of the Drury

Lane company. In early life she adopted the boy Edmund, and he was sometimes engaged to represent children, such as "Cora's Babe," in Pizarro, &c., &c. Time rolled on, and the first mark he made as a boy lad was under the distinguished management of the celebrated Richardson, of Bartelmy Fair notoriety. After some time matriculating with that prince of showmen, he departed to the provinces, journeying to Scotland and to Ireland, &c.; and at Cheltenham he wedded one of the fair daughters of the Emerald Isle, who was also a member of the company, and the issue of that union resulted in the birth of two children—the first died in infancy, the second is the world-renowned Charles.

Well, after having made the tour theatric of Erin, with varied success, he was engaged as leading man at the Theatre Royal Exeter, where my informant (John Hughes) was engaged as low comedian, and it resulted in establishing a friendship that existed till Fate removed from among us the inspired child

Edmund, who had, in lifetime, disseminated the language of the world's wonder and admiration—the Bard of Avon. At the period of my friend's (I may say, my theatrical patron's) novitiate in the fair city of the West, rumours reached the great metropolis of the existence of a dramatic nugget, that might resuscitate the decaying fortunes (if wisely handled) of any theatrical establishment in such a dilemma. About this period Drury Lane was under a cloud of misfortune, that threatened destruction to that temple of dramatic art. It was at that time under the management of the company of proprietors, among whom were enrolled the names of my Lord Byron, Mr. Whitbread, the eminent brewer, &c., &c. The acting manager was Mr. Samuel Arnold, the father of the present respected proprietor of the Royal Lyceum. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, penetrated the walls of old Drury, like an electric spark, touching the comet of the West. Lord Byron had the council assembled, and it was resolved

unanimously to despatch their acting manager (Mr. Arnold) to Exeter, to judge of the merits of this reported wonder. On the night of his (Mr. Arnold's) arrival in Exeter, he visited the theatre. It happened to be the benefit night of our hero. The play was the Merchant of Venice, and the pantomime of Mother Goose: Shylock, in the play, and Harlequin, in the pantomime, represented by the little wonder. He had no idea that a metropolitan eye was gazing upon him, or he might have felt somewhat nervous. However, Mr. Arnold returned to town, and when he was questioned by the committee as to the merits of the individual, he replied by saying that if the Shylock of the West was right, the Shylocks of the Great Metropolis had been all wrong; but he urged the committee to obtain another opinion. Lord Byron therefore solicited his college superior, the celebrated Dr. Drury, of Harrow, to journey to Exeter to witness a representation by the inspired marvel of dramatic art. Othello was the play on that night.

The Doctor returned to London full of glowing praise, and it resulted in the offer of an engagement of eight pounds per week; which I need not say was accepted with joy by the West country Shylock, who, after taking a farewell benefit, journeyed to London, to abide the fate that was either to make or mar him, leaving Mrs. Kean and child in Devonshire to await the result of his *début* at Drury. It is necessary to mention that his salary was not to commence until he made his first appearance. Day after day did he endeavour to obtain an interview with the stage-manager, who, by-the-by, was a severe task-master, luxuriating in the cognomen of Blustering Raymond. The hall porter was a *fac simile* of the elegant stage-manager, and when our young friend used to be waiting in the hall, hoping to be summoned into the managerial presence, the porter would sing out in a rough tone, "Now, you young 'un from the country, with your white coat, stand back, and make room for the ladies and gentlemen to pass." Three months

of anxiety rolled on without any satisfactory result, and the poor country actor's exchequer became nearly exhausted. What was to be done? About this period the celebrated Elliston became lessee of the Olympic Theatre, and he (Elliston) hearing of this rustic Roscius, offered him a three years' engagement at eight, nine, and ten pounds per week, and to make his first appearance the following Monday. This tempting proposal was eagerly accepted, but again the poor player was doomed to disappointment. The news having reached the conclave at Drury of this contemplated engagement at the Olympic, they obtained an injunction to prevent our hero acting at the Olympic or any other establishment. In despair and mortification he sought his friend Hughes, and urged him to advance enough cash to take him back to the country. Hughes replied by saying, "No, dear Ned, you shall not leave London until you have had your chance at Drury; and I will endeavour to facilitate that event by calling on my Lord Byron, and solicit

his interest on your behalf to obtain for you a final interview with stage-manager Raymond." The concession being obtained, the day was appointed for the meet, in the dreaded managerial chamber. The stage door was approached with feelings of mingled hopes and fears, and after waiting for the dreaded signal more than an hour, our hero heard a bell ring twice, which denoted a preconcerted telegram arranged by the brusque manager, and understood by the amiable porter, for the admission of the anxious stranger.

"Now," said the porter, "here you; bundle in, young 'un, and don't you be chaffing long, for there's lots of ladies and gentlemen a waiting their turn, by-the-by."

To the superiors of the establishment, this elegant extract of a porter would rush and open the entrance door for their ingress; the motive-power of that action being the remembrance of the annual spangle-guinea, usually tipped on or about the festive day of Christmas.

Well, our stranger approached the dreaded

managerial chamber, and timidly knocking, a Blue Beard voice replied by roaring out, "Come in." The manager was seated at his business table, and at the window of the apartment was also seated a gentleman scanning a newspaper.

"Well," said the manager, "you're a nice young youth to enter into another engagement with Elliston, knowing at the same time you were under articles here."

"Well," said the nice young youth, "I cannot live on air, therefore I embraced the first offer that presented itself, to replenish my long-exhausted exchequer."

"Well," said Mr. Manager, "we will appoint your *début* for next Monday. What have you thought of to open with, eh?" said the manager.

"Shylock," said the trembling actor.

"Shylock!" repeated the manager, with a derisive laugh. "Why, my good young man, you had better put your head in a sack and throw yourself in the Thames than run

the risk of such a dangerous experiment as perpetrating Shylock."

"Why so, sir?" said the actor.

"Why so, sir?" replied the manager. "I will tell you why so. The town has been surfeited with Shylocks. The great John Kemble tried it at Covent Garden, and it failed to attract. Then the celebrated Mr. Huddart and others experimented on it here, and the result proved disastrous to the treasury. Now, my good young man," said Mr. Raymond, "if you will take my advice, you will make your appearance in the character of Octavian in 'The Mountaineers.'"

The good young man from the country refused the advice of the manager, and banging his hand upon the table of this modern Solomon, declared in the most emphatic tone that it should be Shylock or nothing, and immediately, with drooping spirits, left the apartment; but before he had quitted the theatre he was summoned back to the late vacated office, and the gentleman who, during

the parley with the manager, was seated in the window, advanced, and said in the kindest manner to the would-be Shylock, "My good young man, after what you have heard from Mr. Raymond of the fates of the recently bygone Shylocks—and remember the celebrated John Kemble was one among the number—I say, after that example before you, do you feel full confidence in your powers to venture an experiment that might be designated as a dramatic forlorn hope?"

The actor said, "Only give me the chance; I will rush to the breach." This, the last sentence, was conclusive. The opening night was appointed—the day came—and on the morning of that day the rehearsal took place, many of the leading actors being absent, in consequence of their having so recently attended the call which resulted with little or no effect from the efforts of the bygone Shylocks of standard celebrity.

They, therefore, could not think of wasting their morning by attending the repetition of

this Rustic Jemmy Green, and those who were present looked with pitying eye upon the dreaded demonstrator of the most noted emanation of the Bard of Avon. However, morning past, night came. The attached friend Hughes attended our Shylock in his dressing-room, until the strains of the orchestra indicated the anxious moment was fast approaching. Hughes said, "Keep up, my dear Ned." And Ned replied by saying, "This is the night that either makes me or undoes me quite."

Hughes departed, and took up his station in the slips, where he could have an uninterrupted view of the censors in the pit. It was the custom at that period for the critics to occupy the front rows near the orchestra. Among them was seated the celebrated critic Hazlitt (the John Oxenford of our day), whose pen was the dreaded instrument of all new aspirants. The house was scantily attended, the greater portion of the audience being pitites. Up went the curtain. The play commenced.

Our hero, on his entrance, was greeted with a slight recognition of welcome. Nor did he produce any visible effect until he uttered the passage, "If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you prick us, do we not bleed?" &c., &c.

At the conclusion of that scene, the dreaded children of the pit mounted their seats, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Nor were they content until they had the Shylock three times before the curtain. The success was an accomplished fact. Friend Hughes rushed round to congratulate the hero, and was delighted by seeing my Lord Byron in close conversation with the rustic actor, expressing his delight at the representation he had that night witnessed.

Well, the play proceeded, and when they came to the celebrated Trial Scene, in the fourth act, such was the astounding effect produced, that the audience, to compliment the new comer, would not allow the fifth act to be represented, as Shylock finished at the end of the fourth. What a triumph, after all

the great guns had failed, that this epitome of human greatness, this miniature of rustic artillery, should have taken all London by storm?

However, the result of that night restored old Drury from bankruptcy and ruin to luxuriance and prosperity. As Hamlet says, "Look upon this picture, and on this." And so with our hero; for on his arrival at the theatre on the following day, the before-mentioned rude hall-porter jumped from his seat, rushed at the door, and was about to open it, when our Roscius gently put his hand aside, saying, "Pray do not trouble yourself; I am quite perfect in this part. You have given me rehearsals enough."

Well, our young friend next played Richard, Othello, &c., &c., and the advent of this little wonder, this marvellous lump of genius, resulted in toppling from their thrones the Kembles, Siddons, Young, and all the notabilities of that period.

At that time Mrs. Garrick, the widow of the

great David, resided at No. 5, Adelphi Terrace, Strand. Lord Byron was a constant visitor of this accomplished lady; and one morning she said to his Lordship, "I read that you have a wonderful young man from the country, delighting all beholders."

"We have, madam," replied his Lordship. "I wish I could induce you to pay us a visit, and judge for yourself."

"No, my Lord, no," said she. "I have never visited a theatre since the departure of my loved David!"

Well, however, after many solicitations from his Lordship,—and it was not until the second season of our Roscius, when he awaked the world anew by his marvellous representation of Richard the Third,—Mrs. Garrick consented to visit the scene of her loved husband's triumphs. That lady, Lord Byron, and a gentleman (my informant), were the occupants of his Lordship's private box on the interesting occasion. Mrs. Garrick made no particular remark during the progress of the play. After

the fall of the curtain, amidst a whirlwind of applause, — the Richard summoned twice to receive the gratulations of the public,—and before the interesting trio vacated the box, my Lord Byron said, "Well, my dear Mrs. Garrick, what is your opinion of our new 'Richard'?"

The interesting dear old lady burst into tears, and said, "Oh, my Lord, it is my loved David come to life again;" and she requested that his Lordship would induce the Richard of that night to visit the sorrowing widow of the Richard of bygone days.

The visit was made, and on that interesting occasion the dear old lady requested our hero's acceptance of the jewels worn by her departed David. And often have I seen those same jewels adorn the breast of the "Richard" of my time.

Some years after, when Lord Byron bid adieu to his native land, and devoted his life and fortune to the Greeks (who had some slight difference of opinion with the Turks), he presented to his dramatic idol, his pet lion,

Nero—nursed and matured by his lordship from its infancy, until it became as docile as a lamb. During the frequent visits of our hero to his Lordship, the magnificent beast was always one of the party, and therefore was under the control of the actor as it had been of the lord—and frequently, on occasions of dinner parties given in Clarges Street by the modern Roscius, he summoned this king of the woods to the presence-chamber, creating great terror among the assembled guests, some jumping on chairs, others rushing in dismay from the room. "Don't be alarmed, my friends," said the host; "come back, and you shall see a performance that will astonish you;" and after going through all sorts of gambols rampant, the two wonderful animals would roll upon the carpet, to the surprise, terror, and amazement of the beholders. The performance over, the noble creature, at the master's signal, would retire to his den as obediently as any pet dog of a lady's boudoir. When the master left Clarges Street, and was absent from town on a lengthened

visit of provincial engagements, he sent his pet out to nurse, under the fostering care of Mr. Cross, of Exeter Change, who was the proprietor of that academy for the education of the four-footed children of the woods. Well, time rolled on, when our tragedian was overwhelmed by an aldermanic Coxonian tornado, to recover from which visitation he was ordered by his forensic doctors to breathe the air of the broad Atlantic, and visit the then happy New country. Upon his arrival there, the first visit of interest he made was to the last resting-place of the renowned tragedian, George Frederick Cooke, and, finding the tomb tablet in a neglected and dilapidated condition, he, to the honour of the great departed, had erected over his remains a handsome mausoleum indicating the spot of the almost forgotten one. A somewhat curious anecdote is associated with the recollections of the departed George Frederick, who was the idol of the children of the New country. It happened on one occasion that he was invited by his admiring friends to a testimonial banquet,

given in his honour, at which *ensemble* he was presented with a magnificent gold snuff-box, as a memento of their admiration and esteem; but, unfortunately, it so happened that he (George) had imbibed too freely of that insinuating fluid that takes the reason prisoner; and having to demonstrate that night—the play being "Richard the Third," beginning with the well-known and time-honoured phrase of "Now is the winter of our discontent,"—he paused, hiccupped; tried again, with the same disastrous result; and was then assailed with a volley of hisses, and cries of "Off, off!" "Shame!" Having stood that fire of disapprobation, he staggered, after a pause, to the foot-lights, resting on his sword, and waved his hand, pantomimically pleading for silence. It had the effect of restoring order; he then delivered the following laconic but pithy sentence, saying, "And is it thus I am rewarded, after braving the perils of the broad Atlantic to come among you 'To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature,' and by so doing endea-

vour to enlighten you benighted children? This you call gratitude?" and he finished his rebuke by placing one wrist across the other, saying, "'Look on this picture;'" and concluded by roaring out, "Tell me, what have you done with your family bracelets, you ungrateful thieves?" All was over—he being hooted and pelted off the stage. As perhaps many of my readers may not understand the meaning of the before-mentioned family bracelets, it may be daily illustrated by a stroll along the classical precincts of Bow Street, about three o'clock, P.M., where they will see, emerging out of the swell beak's office, our naughty children, decorated with the bracelets before-mentioned, and politely elbowed into a splendid chocolate-coloured carriage, the panels of which are emblazoned with the letters *V. R.*, surmounted by an illustration of the regal crown, and attended by a *posse* of flunkeys, dressed in blue. The wrist decorations are called darbies among our stray sheep.

But to return to George Frederick, who, on the

day following his disastrous retreat, sent forth in the papers a letter of apology, pleading forgiveness. It had the desired effect, and to the end he remained the admired of all admirers. Now to return to the great Edmund, who had completed his tour of the States with marvellous success, accompanied, as his travelling companion, secretary and friend, by a gentleman named John Lee, well known and esteemed in theatrical circles; and Mr. Lee remained the devoted friend of the great one until the cue was given for the final exit. On the arrival home, the aldermanic fog having evaporated, the re-appearance of the great one was hailed by the admiring crowd with salvos of applause and congratulations, and every unpleasant recollection of the civic tornado—as Richard said that night—"was in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." Time rolled on prosperously, but about the beginning of the year '32 there were symptoms and indications of declining health, and he was advised by his intimate friend and ardent admirer, the then

celebrated surgeon, Carpue, to reside in the country. About that period the Theatre Royal, Richmond, was to let, and Edmund became tenant, residing in the dwelling-house adjoining the theatre, where he occasionally acted amidst his regularly engaged company.

He also performed in town three nights a week, at fifty guineas for every representation. And to prove the kind forgiving nature of the great one towards his blundering Bath boy (of jackdaw celebrity), I will relate an event that will speak volumes as to his kindness and consideration. His early friend Hughes and myself took a joint benefit at Drury Lane, and Hughes journeyed to Richmond to ask the great one if he would demonstrate on the occasion. The answer was—with pleasure. The night was appointed. The play was the Merchant of Venice. House crammed. The next day Hughes visited Richmond, with fifty guineas in his purse; and on his presenting the coin to Shylock, with our united thanks, he said, "Put up thy purse, John, and I will prove to the

world that avarice is not the guiding star of all the children of Israel. No, John, tell JACKDAW PAUL it was a labour of friendship and affection, not to be obliterated by the acceptance of filthy lucre."

During his residence at Richmond, nothing gave him more pleasure than a visit from his select ones. I remember, on one occasion, the party assembled were Surgeon Carpue, Andrew Ducrow, John Cooper, G. Stansbury, Lee, Hughes, Mrs. Glover, and the jackdaw Boy, (myself). In the course of the evening, Mrs. Glover said, "Now, Edmund, give us a treat by repeating to us the Litany, and the Lord's Prayer. I shall never forget the impression it made on me, when I first heard you read it, Edmund." He consented; and had the delivery of those sacred words been heard by our ecclesiastical brethren, it would have proved to them a lesson on elocution beyond all price. Be it understood this occurred on a Sunday evening, therefore that event will demonstrate to the world, more particularly to the strait-laced

portion of the creation, that we are not the thoughtless children they consider us to be.

The last appearance of our modern Roscius was at Covent Garden in Othello, his son Charles sustaining the part of Iago. On arriving at the third act, he (the father) became faint, and swooned away in the arms of his son. On that day I dined in the company of my friend James Prescott Warde. A messenger hurried in from Covent Garden, announced the sad intelligence, and summoned my friend Warde to the theatre to finish the part. On that sad occasion all was consternation; and the departing one was removed for the night to an hotel in the neighbourhood, and the next day taken to Richmond, where he lingered for a short time, and then departed for that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Before the funeral obsequies took place, his lamenting friend, Surgeon Carpue, and others of his scientific class, held a post-mortem examination on the dear departed. I was invited by my associate, John Lee, to take a last look at our

lamented one; and, before the arrival of the learned ones of anatomy, I was taken to the chamber of sorrow. Stretched on his humble couch, lay the remains of the world's admiration—the body being ungarmented, awaiting the operation of the skilful surgical knife. On looking upon the remains of the dear departed, I observed on the left knee a large blackened bruise. Inquiring of my friend Lee the cause of that blemish, he said, that having attended the bedside of the suffering one for many an anxious night, and, being, on one occasion, overcome by sleep, he was awakened by hearing him utter the well-known passage from the tent scene in Richard, "A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" and at that moment he sprang from off the couch, falling on his knee, which produced the discolouration of the limb. That event occurred about two hours before the final moment. It was the farewell dream of his earthly greatness.

Mr. Carpue and his scientific friends having arrived, they commenced the post-mortem ope-

ration ; and, when I heard the anatomical saw applied to the skull of the departed, I felt a sensation of faintness. I withdrew to the door. I listened, but looked not. In a short time after the grinding sound of the dissecting saw had ceased, I heard Mr. Carpue demonstrating to his friends on the wondrous appearance of the brain, saying, that "in the whole career of his professional life he never witnessed such a development of brain as that which now presented itself. In fact, gentlemen, my dear departed friend exhibits functions of long life beyond any subject of my experience. In truth I may say, the talented deceased was his own executioner, by destroying the functions of digestion. He, therefore, gentlemen, died of starvation." And so it was ; for he could not retain an ounce of nutritious food administered to him for the last three or four weeks of his earthly career.

The funeral day arrived—and such a day of sorrow exhibited by the mourning throng congregated from all parts of our country, was a

sight never to be forgotten. The beautiful Green of Richmond, across which the funeral *cortége* passed, looked like a splendid carpet studded with black. Boats from London, bearing admirers decorated in deepest mourning, reminded the beholder of huge black beetles floating on the water. Mansions with close drawn down blinds; all business suspended; and every demonstration of mourning displayed towards one who left not his parallel behind.

Now again to myself, about the termination of my novitiate at Bath.

The celebrated Henry Harris, Esq., proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, obtained a patent for the erection of a new theatre in the city of Dublin; he therefore dispatched to Bath his stage manager (Mr. John Fawcett), to cull from the then existing celebrated company recruits for his new establishment in Dublin. About twenty were enlisted in the cause, myself among the number, and the other children of dramatic fame included:

Warde, tragedian; Conway, ditto; Stansbury, Alexander Lee, gentlemen; Green, Miss Jarman, the funny Mrs. Humby, &c., &c., &c.; and the result of that migration displayed itself by the decline of the Bath nursery of art dramatic, from which visitation it has never yet recovered. Away we sped, and during the erection of the new theatre in Dublin, there was fitted up a temporary establishment in the Rotunda Rooms.'

On the morning after my arrival in the beauteous city, I was with a friend crossing Carlisle Bridge; we halted—my friend pointing out to me that splendid street of Sackville, and on turning to the right, looking towards the beautiful Custom-House building, we observed a crowd of both sexes lamenting over a fallen brother; he was a six-foot coal porter—a fine specimen of the human family; and at that meet I imbibed the first flash of the wit and humour displayed by the children of Erin. Women were crying over his prostrate form, and saying, "Sure we'll never hear the dear Mick

sing 'Molly Malone' any more." At that moment up came another of the craft, crying out, "S'blood, what's the matter?" "Oh, sure—oh sure," said the women, "the poor boy Mick's dead." The newly arrived one went on his knees, and then, taking hold of Mick's nose and chin, expanding the aperture, and sniffing to catch an odour therefrom, he sung out, "And is it dead you mean? Oh, sure, if my poor Mick's dead I'd like to be troubled with half his complaint." (Mick was brim full of whiskey).

Some time after, I was taken by my friend to the Four Courts, and on entering that forensic building I heard the tone of a magnificent voice addressing the jury. "Who is that speaker?" said I. "It is our leading counsel," replied my friend, "the great Daniel O'Connell." We entered. The presiding judge was the facetious Lord Norbury, and the particular trial on at that moment was between two builders. The plaintiff's name was Maguire, the defendant's cognomen being Macarthy.

Daniel was advocate for defendant, and when we entered he was pleading the cause of his client most eloquently. The plaintiff sued for damages from defendant because he, Maguire, fancied Macarthy had encroached on his land. They were simultaneously erecting two dwellings adjoining each other. Daniel, addressing his lordship, said, "Is it not a melancholy sight, my lord, to behold these two men, who at the beginning of manhood life were staunch friends? They are, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, architects of their own fortunes, but the curse of riches severs early friendship. Many a bright morning have these two met on Carlisle Bridge, and enjoyed together their humble breakfasts, consisting of potatoes and buttermilk, and on parting shook the hand of brotherhood and bade each other good-bye; but Mammon obliterates the remembrance of early days of friendship. Now, my lord," said Daniel, "I will ask the plaintiff a question, and I expect a direct and positive answer. Is it true, Mr. Maguire, that instead of enjoying your humble

breakfast of buttermilk, you are now become so elegant a man that you drink cream in your tea?"

The plaintiff looked daggers at the counsel, and muttered an indistinct answer between his teeth.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," said the learned counsel, "this may appear to you a frivolous question, but it's important to my client that I should get a distinct reply."

"Put the question again, my learned brother," said his lordship.

He did so, but with the same result; upon which his lordship, addressing the plaintiff, said, "Unless you give a distinct and audible answer to the question, I shall commit you to prison for contempt of Court. Repeat the question, my learned brother."

"Is it true," said the great Daniel to the plaintiff—"I ask you for the third and last time —that you are become so elegant a gentleman, that you drink cream in your tea—is it so, sir?"

"Ax my eye, Mr. O'Connell," roared out plaintiff; "did ye hear me that time? I told you twice before."

His lordship and the court were convulsed with laughter. It resulted in a verdict for defendant, who requested leave to thank his counsel in open court, saying, "Long life and happiness to you, Mr. O'Connell;" and then adding this benediction on him, "May every hair upon your forensic wig turn to a mould candle, to light your sowl to eternal glory."

This was about the period of the visit of his Majesty George the Fourth to Ireland. All was joy and merriment; and at a party to celebrate the occasion, given by a lady who led the *ton*, by name Magan, there was seated on her right hand at the supper-table the only son of the great Sir Walter Scott, and who was a captain in a dragoon regiment, stationed at Dublin. In the course of conversation Mrs. Magan remarked to the captain that it was a great day for Ireland, this visit of the king's; but, she added, "I would rather be your

honoured father than the king of the universe."

"Why so, madam?" said the captain.

"Why so? Because when all the kings of the earth are gone and forgotten, your wondrous father's works will be remembered to the end of time."

"Yes, my dear madam," said the captain; "I am told they are very clever, but I never read them."

"Never read them!" said the lady. "I'm astonished. Then I'll tell you what to do, captain. To-morrow morning, after drill, you begin at the beginning, and embrace every opportunity of perusing them until you come to the end; and by so doing you will become a wiser man and brighter soldier." A home-thrust, that, for the noble captain; and little did I imagine at that time that it would ever have been my good fortune to see, and to shake the hand of, the admired of the world—the sire of the crestfallen soldier; but by-and-by you shall know how that came about.

My Dublin existence was to me a new life. I felt as if I had been newly born. I had hosts of friends, and multitudinous acquaintance—the Morrisons, the Greshams, and among my noble patrons were his Grace the Duke of Leinster, my Lord Viscount Combermere, the then Lord Lieutenant, Lord Talbot, &c., &c. My musical patron was Sir John Stevenson, by whom I and my young friends, Stansbury, Alexander Lee, and Pat MacKeon, were introduced as honorary visitors to the celebrated Beef-Steak Club, its members being the great and noble of the land. It was at one of these reunions, the Lord Lieutenant presiding, that I heard little Tom Moore breathe forth two of his beautiful melodies. "Oft in the Stilly Night" was one, and "Does not a Meeting like this make Amends?" was the other; and certainly, without possessing a voice of much power, he rendered his inspirations with more sympathy and effect than the finest singer I ever heard. This was at the period of the king's visit, when the poet issued forth his

celebrated "Twopenny Post Bag." At that time joy reigned triumphant, and each one tried to outvie his fellow by displays of hospitality. At a reception given by the Rev. Mr. Maturin (the author of the tragedy of "Bertram," "Melmoth the Wanderer," "Albigensis," &c., &c., &c.), a concert, in the drawing-room, was given to commence the evening's pleasure; Mrs. Maturin, a most accomplished pianist, and very delightful vocalist, presiding on the occasion. The concert over, we were summoned to the supper-room. On my right was seated my musical friend, Alexander Lee; and he having been reared and educated by the celebrated Lord Barrymore, imbibed notions of table etiquette not generally observed in crowded assemblies. Having partaken of the first dish he called the footman, who was a funny fellow, and he said, "Will you change my plate and knife and fork?" The footman whispered in my friend's ear, saying, "Has your honour finished your meal?" "No," was the reply. "Then, sir," said the attendant,

"unless you complete the operation with the instruments you have before ye, in all human probability you'll retire to bed hungry." My friend followed the advice given, and completed a very satisfactory meal.

Soon after that event, we were all invited to a *soirée musicale,* given at the residence of Daniel O'Connell, in Merrion Square—one of our party being Patrick MacKeon, who sang like an angel. The wife of Patrick was a prudent, economical woman. It was the fashion of that time for young swells to decorate themselves in light pantaloons, buttoned at the ankles; and, for evening dress, black pants, white silk hose, polished shoes surmounted by a large bunch of broad black ribbon. On looking over the wardrobe of my friend Patrick, Mrs. MacKeon discovered that her dear boy was minus the black pants. What was to be done? The prudent wife said, "It's not worth while to go to the expense of a new pair for one night, so I know what I'll do; I'll have a pair of your light ones dyed, and they will

serve for the occasion." The process of the dye-pot having been completed, the night arrived for the *ensemble* in Merrion Square. We decorated ourselves in our best, and looked as gay as larks. It was a very crowded gathering, and the weather suffocating. Well, after enjoying a most delightful meet of song and dance, we retired to our respective locations, to sleep and dream of the pleasures of the past. It being twilight about the time we reached our homes, a curious incident was observable in the homestead of our musical friend MacKeon, he having disrobed himself, and, with one limb on the matrimonial couch, was in the act of resigning himself to repose, when the prudent and economic wife opened her eyes, and viewing the darkened limb, rendered more observable by the rays of the rising sun peeping through the shutters, exclaimed, "Pat, dear, you are not coming to bed in your pantaloons: take them off."

The experiment of having white dyed black turned out a complete failure. At that

period the dyers had not arrived at the secret of fixing colours, and in consequence of the crowded state of the apartments at the O'Connell gathering, the atmosphere became intense, and was the innocent cause of the discolouration of my friend's lower limbs.

In the year 1823 the celebrated Madame Catalani commenced her farewell concert tour, previous to her final retirement from public life, and on her visit to Dublin, she was so pleased with the vocalisation of this child (Paul), that she obtained a *congé* of four months from the head of the firm, that I might accompany her to Scotland; and on that very interesting occasion, we began in Glasgow, then to Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, and finishing the Scotland tour in the beautiful city of Edinburgh. Here we remained six weeks, giving three concerts per week to crowded audiences, at one guinea a ticket. The leader of the band was a resident professor, by name Yanawich. The year before this period, his Majesty George IV. visited his

Scottish capital. Why I mention that event is, to thoroughly understand the following anecdote. In the course of the first act of the concert, I had to appear twice. On the first occasion it was to sing part of a duet with the vocal wonder of the world, Catalani, beneath whose fostering wings I first made my bow to the children of the northern metropolis. On the second occasion I entered the orchestra alone, to breathe forth a beautiful song by Dr. Callcott, entitled "Angel of Life;" the symphony to which composition being rather lengthy, I ventured to cast my eye around the vast assembly, and was astonished to see men decorated in red coats mingling among the company, and conversing familiarly with the ladies. It struck me with surprise to see the fair creatures parleying with what I imagined to be the beadles of the parish, and what brought the movement more vividly to my recollection was, that a few weeks before, I heard the crier at Aberdeen, similarly decorated, hold forth at the sound of his bell,

proclaiming a reward for the recovery of a stray babe. On the conclusion of the first part of the concert, we withdrew to the retiring room, and there I expressed to my friend Yanawich my wonder and amazement at seeing the beadles chatting so familiarly with the ladies.

"Beadles!" said my astonished friend; "why, my dear Paul, you are mistaken. They are the great ones of the land—the gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt." At that moment some of them entered to address their compliments and congratulations to *la belle* Madame, and her husband Monsieur Vallabruegue. At the other end of the room I perceived Mr. Yanawich and one of the gentlemen in red, in close conversation, and I imagined my friend the leader was jocosely imparting to him the error I had committed in supposing they were beadles.

I was about retiring from their presence, when my friend Yanawich advanced, saying, "Paul, I wish to have the pleasure of introducing you to Sir Malcolm"—I forget his surname—he was one of the gentlemen in red.

Well, after a brief conversation, I was about to retire, when Sir Malcolm said;

"I hope you'll not be offended, Mr. Bedford, at the observation I am about to make, but when you first appeared to-night, all my friends were struck with the wondrous likeness you are of his Majesty the king."

I said, "Yes, Sir Malcolm, I have often heard that remarked, and feel highly flattered."

He then said, "Will you forgive me if I ask you a very delicate question?"

"Certainly, sir," said I; "pray what is it?"

"Then, Mr. Bedford," said the Baronet, "I have been told that you are a stripling of that royal stock."

I quietly enjoyed the idea, and to keep up the delusion, replied by saying,

"Now, Sir Malcolm, can you keep a secret if I impart one?"

"Certainly," said the Baronet.

"Then, Sir Malcolm, I confess to you that I am an offshoot of that royal oak."

At that moment the second part of the

concert was about to begin, and the Baronet, after shaking my royal hand, retired amid the gay throng, and when I appeared in the orchestra, all eyes and glasses were levelled at me, which demonstrated evident proof that the Baronet had not divulged my secret to any one, but to a great many. Well, on the morrow, which I consider one of the proudest days of my life, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten honour of an introduction to the world's renowned bard, Sir Walter Scott, who was an ardent admirer of the gifted daughter of song, Catalani. Sir Walter on this and many other visits was accompanied by James Ballantyne, the eminent printer, and he (Sir Walter) requested James to show me—the wandering boy—the wonders of the beautiful city, at which I was entranced. The first admired object that struck my view was the Castle. He afterwards conveyed me to Parliament House, in which the Court of Session is held, where I saw Sir Walter in his robes of law. On the ever-to-be-remembered

occasions, when I had the honour to enjoy the society, and to shake the hand of this modest great one, and at every honoured meet, my thoughts reverted to the proud, foolish soldier in Dublin, who ought to have gloried in being the offspring of so much greatness and goodness, and to have decorated his martial breast with the miniature of his renowned sire, as a badge of honour. In after years, on visiting Edinburgh, the first object of my adoration was to take a view of the magnificent memento erected to perpetuate the memory of the great departed Walter. There he sits, a *fac simile* of the benign and benevolent countenance that I have gazed on with wonder and admiration in his lifetime. There is a curious but melancholy anecdote connected with the fate of the uncultivated bairn who erected the Scott Memorial, and who must have been possessed of an inspiration of architectural beauty.

There was a prize of five hundred guineas offered by the projectors for the accepted plan, and it fell to the lot of a mechanic architect,

who became so overpowered with joy and amazement at his unexpected good fortune, that, in the confusion of his glory, he imbibed habits of luxuriating too extensively in his relish for the insinuating native fluid, and the melancholy result of the indulgence was the drowning of that gifted one before the ceremony of inaugurating the laying of the foundation stone.

The inspired architect was by trade a journeyman wheelwright. Why not copy that gifted creature's design, and erect it in the centre of Trafalgar Square, and devote its architectural beauty to the memory of our own great dramatist — William Shakespeare? Or, how beautifully would it adorn the plateau in Hyde Park, where stood the exhibition of 1851; if dedicated to the memory of its great projector, the ever-to-be-lamented Prince Albert, in that position admiring millions could gaze upon it; whereas now the memento to his memory is erected in a melancholy and secluded spot at South Kensington.

The Scottish tour having terminated, I returned to my dramatic duties in Dublin, and the following year obtained from my manager another four months' leave, and rejoined my musical patroness. Finally, bidding her adieu at Liverpool, I again returned to Dublin, and my kind benefactress retired with her family to her beautiful chateau near Florence, where she reposed full of honours and happiness for years. But the sad event that removed this amiable lady from among the human family was universally regretted by all nations. The melancholy tale runs thus:—In the year 1848, when time was out of joint, and revolutions were rife throughout Europe, Florence did not escape the contagion; and the wretches, in their mad fury, stormed the chateau of that benevolent lady and then sorrowing widow, who in her terror fled to Paris, seeking the protection and consolation of her beloved son, Captain Paul Vallabruegue, then holding a commission in the army of Louis Philippe, and who, on the restoration of the empire, was appointed aide-

de-camp to the emperor, Louis Napoleon. At the period of the distracted mother's arrival in Paris the cholera was raging furiously, carrying off old and young. Our dear, matured, loved one did not escape the fury of the contagion, and fell its victim. What a sad and melancholy end of one so admired, whose only earthly happiness was in dispensing her benevolence to those in distress! Angelica she was by name, and angel by nature.

Well, during my musical tours, I had many tempting offers from the manager of Drury Lane; but, being so fascinated with my Dublin society, I refused all offers to leave the darlings. But at the end of 1824, I received an invitation, through that great composer, Henry Bishop, to join the forces at Old Drury—Mr. Bishop pointing out the great advantage I should have in demonstrating in the opera of "Der Frieschütz." The engagement satisfactorily arranged, I made my first bow to my future patrons as Hawthorn in the opera of "Love in a Village." I, like a green one,

fancied that I had taken the town by storm. However, when I made the engagement, I was under the impression that I should have to represent Caspar in the celebrated opera of "Der Frieschütz:" but I was disappointed, for through the chicanery of Tom Cooke and Charles Horn, the wandering boy, Paul, was "done brown," as we say in the classics; Horn being cast for Caspar, and poor me for the Head Ranger. At this conduct I was disgusted, and wanted to range back again to my Dublin boys. But, no; they, the Drury lads, had hold of me too tight. However, I soon had my revenge; for after a few weeks' representation, one fine morning Sir Nicholas Borrowbody, *alias* a sheriff's officer, called on my friend Caspar, inviting him to take a promenade to the forensic locality of Chancery Lane.

At that period, the children of misfortune were lodged and boarded at an establishment called a "sponging house," where, believe me, you did not eat, drink, or sleep for a trifle. I have recently read frequent letters complaining

of excessive swell-hotel charges, but they are trifling compared to the cormorants of the "sponging shop." But by the advancement of education, the gentlemen of the law are grown more polite; for, instead of walking you off at a minute's notice, they very kindly send you a reminder, giving the recipient an opportunity of squaring the beadle before the arrival of the day for judgment. I should like to know what greater surprise the fashionable spirit-rapper of the present day can feel, compared with the raps on the left shoulder, surprising the unfortunates of by-gone days. By-the-by, being on the subject of law reminds one of an anecdote told of Peter the Great, when he came to this country to perfect himself in the noble art of ship-building. He was toiling at his avocations one fine day at Deptford, when he observed a body-snatcher about to walk off with one of his mates. "Hollo," said Peter, "what's up?" "I'm boned," said his mate. "Boned—what's your game?" said Peter. The mate replied, saying, "I've got an invitation to visit

a lawyer up in London, and if it don't turn out agreeable to that gentleman, I shall be lumbered and sent to quod." "Oh! oh!" said Peter, "have you got many of these kind creatures in your country?" "Hundreds of them," said the mate. "Oh! have you?" replied Peter. "I have only got one in my kingdom, and when I go back I'll hang him; by so doing, I shall effectually stop the growth of such worthies."

During my sojourn at Edinburgh, an *apropos* anecdote was told me by a very facetious member of the law, yclept there, writer of the signet; it runs thus:

"The hospitable lawyer had invited a commercial gentleman from London to dine with him on the following Sunday, but on the Saturday previous to his appointed day of feeding, the commercial called on his kind inviter, begging to be excused coming on the morrow, as he had melancholy intelligence from town, necessitating his immediate return. "I hope no family misfortune calls you back?" said the lawyer.

"No!" replied the commercial, "it's the loss of a near and dear friend of mine, an eminent solicitor, and, unless I leave to-day, I shall be too late to attend the funeral obsequies of the lamented departed." The Scotch forensic child was struck with wonder and amazement. "What?" said he, "do you bury your lawyers in England?" "Of course we do," replied the commercial; "do you not do the same in Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the answer.

"Then how do you manage?" said the Southerner.

"Thus," replied the Northerner; "when we have the misfortune of losing one of our craft, every respect is paid to his memory, by laying him in state on a broad table within the apartment of sorrow, taking the precaution of closing the windows to keep the flies away. The friends are allowed for a few days the privilege of taking a sad farewell look, but, on the last night the windows are thrown open, and on entering the chamber the following morning, you are surprised to find the body has evapo-

rated, and you feel overpowered with the sensation of burning sulphur." The aforementioned process is by far the most economic mode of funeral solemnity I ever read of.

At the period of my assuming the part of Caspar, at Drury Lane, which had a run of 400 representations, at that time the great Weber made his first and, unfortunately, his last visit to this country. He came to superintend the production of the celebrated opera of "Oberon," at Covent Garden; and he occasionally visited Drury Lane, to hear how we natives rendered his great conception of his "Der Frieschütz," and the flattering remarks he passed on me, I am too modest to repeat. This great and talented composer was in a delicate state of health when he came to us, and did not long survive his glories; he daily lingered, faded, and withered away, at the residence of his sincere and mourning friend, Sir George Smart. I was complimented and rewarded by my then manager, Stephen Price, Esq., by an addition of

five pounds per week to my standard salary, as a reward for my successful representation of Caspar.

My first manager at Drury Lane was the renowned Elliston, then Price succeeded, followed by Captain Polhill and my early friend Alexander Lee, and I finished there under the control of Alfred Bunn. At that period, Wm. Macready, Esq., took Covent Garden upon a speculative arrangement—that is to say, the principals of the company agreed to take a fourth off their salaries; but, if the joint-stock experiment answered, they were to divide the profits at the end of the season. The venture turned out highly remunerative. The successful "Lady of Lyons" made her appearance at that time. Mine was an after-engagement with Mr. Macready; that is to say, I was not one of the joint-stock arrangement, and for this reason: my friend Ransford held the position I afterwards filled, but he, Ransford, was at that time struck down by a serious illness, and our young Queen Victoria signified her intention of pay-

ing a state visit to the theatre, commanding the representation of "Fra Diavolo." I, therefore, was engaged as a sort of demi-star to represent the part of Beppo, the which, by-the-by, I enacted on its first representation at Drury Lane. Shortly afterwards, at the close of the afore-mentioned triumphant season at Covent Garden, the company were summoned to hear the treasurer's report, and it resulted in a large profit beyond the working expenses, and the surplus was honourably divided among the venturers. On the following day I met Mr. Macready, who said, "My dear Bedford, you did not attend the gathering in the Green Room yesterday."

I replied by saying, that I imagined mine was an isolated arrangement, entered into long after the compact was signed.

"No, no, my dear Bedford," said my kind commander; "you entered the ship as an able-bodied seaman when she was in distress, therefore we all row in the same boat;" and the next day I received from the treasurer a cheque

for the amount of my extra pay. Bravo! dear William, said I.

The year 1830 was rendered memorable at Liverpool by two events; the one by the opening of the first railroad completed in this country, and the other, by the accidental death of the respected and revered member, Mr. Huskisson. The day opened with every prospect of a brilliant result; but how frequently is anticipated joy blighted! It was in this case. All the notabilities of our land, both scientific and political, were present at the inauguration, including Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Henry (now Lord) Brougham, and myriads of others. The mayor at that period was a gentleman named Lawrence. Liverpool was ever famed for its hospitality; therefore it was intended on that day to outvie all former doings; and a magnificent banquet for 500 was prepared at the Wellington Rooms. At that period the Drury Lane Opera Company were illustrating at the Theatre Royal. Among the *troupe* were the celebrated names of Sinclair,

Miss Stevens, Madame Vestris, &c. I received a letter from his Worship inviting me to a meet on business. I attended the summons; and Mr. Lawrence wished to know—if invitations were sent, would we do him the pleasure of being present at the banquet, and what would be our terms? I said, "Pray, sir, do not mention terms, as we should be fully compensated by being present on such a memorable celebration." The morning of the day was ushered in by the ringing of joy bells and salvos of artillery. At eleven o'clock the maiden train started amid the shouts of congregated thousands. In the centre of the train there was a magnificent carriage or palanquin for the occupation of the notabilities; it was a gigantic structure, so that when the door was opened, it o'erlapped the other rail. Having arrived half-way, at the Newton junction, the occupants left their carriages to take a survey of the completed works. At that period there existed a political difference between Arthur Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson, con-

sequently they had not been on speaking terms for some time. However, through the medium of his Worship the Mayor, Henry Brougham, and other kind associates, these two celebrities were brought together, and the estranged hands were shaken with cordiality, renewing the bond of friendship, to be enjoyed by one only for a few minutes. At that moment the alarm-whistle of a distant approaching train was heard. The officials cried out, "Gentlemen, take your seats." The summons was obeyed with safety to all except the unfortunate legislator, who, in a moment, was obliterated from creation. The lamented one at that time was afflicted with rheumatism in the left leg, and in the confusion he unfortunately placed on the step of the carriage the weakened limb, and before he could recover himself, the train dashed up, knocking the extended door against the unfortunate man, hurling him to destruction. Gentle reader, only imagine the horror of that dreadful moment felt by all present! At length seven o'clock came, the hour of ban-

queting, and instead of the five hundred happy ones who left in the morning brim-full of joy, some forty heart-stricken creatures appeared and went through the ceremony of dining. Immediately after the banquet, the chord was struck on the piano for the chanting of "Non nobis Domine," which sound created a simultaneous hush, and cries of no music. At that moment Henry Brougham, who occupied the seat on the right of the chair filled by his Worship the Mayor, rising, said, "Pray, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, allow this grace to proceed; it is a sacred thanksgiving to the Almighty."

Thus ended a day that beamed upon us in the morning with sunshine and joy, but terminated in the evening with sorrow and heartfelt grief.

During my occupation at Drury Lane as a member of the company, the celebrated opera of "The Maid of Artois" was produced, composed by the talented Michael Balfe, in which the ever-famed and lamented Madame Malibran represented the heroine. The day previous to its

production, La Belle Madame invited us to her private residence, in Conduit Street, for the purpose of having a rehearsal of the music (the composer presiding at the piano), her husband, De Beriot, the king of fiddlers, operating on his wondrous instrument. There were a few visitors present, including that bass child, the great Lablache.

The rehearsal passed off most satisfactorily. The weather was intensely hot, and, what with anxiety and the limited dimensions of the apartment, produced the effect of our perspiring most profusely. We dared not open the windows, fearing that it might have alarmed the natives.

However, having finished, the room was ventilated by throwing open doors and windows; and then our charming hostess invited us to partake a draught of that exhilarating fluid called Champagne. She also said she would cool us after the manner of the South Americans, which operation was executed by pouring *Eau de Cologne* into the palm of her hand, and rub-

bing it over our heads. And we also enjoyed breezes produced by the action of a monstrous Chinese fan. The relief experienced was delightful. But one of our party came to grief, in the person of the then *primo tenore* of the Drury establishment. When it came to his turn to enjoy the refresher, he kept bobbing his head up and down. At last our hostess got him steady, and rubbing his head vigorously, away went the luxuriant scratch, leaving him under a bare pole, to the great amusement of the assembled party. The disconcerted tenor made a rush to recover the fugitive jasey; but Madame was beforehand, and, grabbing hold of the curly flaxen decoration, she refused to give it up until he consented to the cooling and balmy process, so much enjoyed by the lookers on. That completed, she said, "My dear Mr. T., I'm deceived; I did not think there was anything false about you;" and on replacing the wig on the distracted block, whether from accident or design, she turned the hind part before, so that the drooping

ringlets decorated this figure-head, to the great delight of the laughing throng.

The demise of the inspired vocal genius Malibran is a remembrance of melancholy interest. It occurred at Manchester, where she was engaged at the Sacred Music Festival, and sang in an oratorio the day before she was taken from among us. And scarcely had the last breath of life departed from the gifted lady, when her wretched fiddler husband hurried from the chamber of sorrow, taking with him every valuable article, and bolted off to the Continent, leaving his wife's remains to be interred at the expense of the parish. But, to the honour of the gentlemen of Manchester, the parish ceremony was superseded, and the dear lamented one was buried at the old church, with every demonstration of respectability and mourning. Some years after, the remains were removed to Brussels, and a monument erected to her memory at Laeken.

About this period I received many tempting offers from the ever-to-be-remembered

Frederick Yates, to join the forces at the Adelphi. I answered them not, thinking it derogatory, after having served my Queen and country with success aboard the first-rate man-of-war, to enter, as a common swab, the little commercial craft called the Adelphi. However, a few days after, I was hailed by George Robins, the celebrated knock 'em down, who said, "Paul, you have not yet replied to my friend Yates's despatches."

I said, "No, sir, we are not come to that yet."

"Then," said George, "the sooner you go to it the better for yourself; for take my word for it, Paul, it's all over with these great emporiums of dramatic art."

And the good auctioneer's prophecy has been realised. The one has been converted into the Royal Italian Opera House, and the other has sustained a hysterical existence by a flash in the pan now and then. Still I responded not to the call of commander Frederick.

At that time I was illustrating at the Royal Property, Vauxhall. At that period Vauxhall

was Vauxhall, and like the before-mentioned royal establishments, hath not left a shadow behind. On one evening, a voice saluted me in my dressing-room, by singing out "Paul!" I said, "What cheer! ahoy! come in!" and who should present himself but Charles Manby, Esq., my early and valued friend, who said he came as an emissary from Frederick Yates, to appoint a meeting for the following day. I consented, and the *ensemble* took place, and, in the space of five minutes, the beadle was squared; and, as fashionable phrase goes, I'm all here.

The first mark I made at my new seat of work was in the classical drama of John Sheppard; the second, as the desponding and weeping Norma. By-the-by, a rustic anecdote is attached to this operatic representation; it runs thus:—

Miss Adelaide Kemble was setting the world on fire by her demonstration of the "Broken-hearted Priestess," at Covent Garden. At one Christmas time, two wealthy agricultural

rustics came to town for the purpose of attending the Smithfield Cattle Show, and as they were wandering along the Strand, one said, "Tom, where shall we go to-night?"

Tom replied by saying, "William, I think we'll go and hear that wonderful lass, Miss Kemble, as everybody be a talking about."

At that moment they were abreast the entrance to the Adelphi, the walls of which were decorated with a life-size portrait of the Norma. Tom said to William, "This is the shop," and in they went. The opera finished, out they came, and the following conversation between the two friends was overheard, and reported to me:—

"Well," said Tom to William, "how didst thee like the lass?"

"Oh, pretty well," said William. "She made me laugh, and I thought I was going in to cry. Dost thee think her pretty, Tom?"

"Oh, very well," said he. "But she is such a whopping great heifer; and if she had four legs, instead of two, I'd buy her and take her

to Smithfield, and then I should be sure to carry off the pri[illegible]." The simple lads, in their confusion, had mistaken the Adelphi for Covent Garden.

At the conclusion of the first brilliant season of the Adelphi "Norma," our loved manager, Frederick Yates, gave a *soirée* at his residence in Brompton, to which were invited about one hundred of the *élite* of society, and in which *ensemble* my friend Wright and I were associated. Yates wished us to surprise the natives by being announced, and appearing, as two distinguished foreign ladies, just arrived from the Continent, and to appear garbed as Norma and Adalgisa. We consented, and after the conclusion of the "Norma" at the Adelphi, we were wheeled off in a brougham to Brompton, and heralded in to a flourish of trumpets, amid the gay throng, being received with shouts of laughter and applause by the admiring audience therein assembled.

Such was the enthusiasm created by the "Norma" of Covent Garden and the "Norma"

of the Adelphi, that it had the effect of banishing the opera of "Norma" for three successive seasons from the boards of Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket.

But the fun of the evening arrived at its climax when these two girls were seen waltzing; and Norma's petticoats, being inconveniently long, had the effect of tripping her up some two or three times.

In the following season the Adelphi "Norma" was afflicted with a severe hoarseness; and, in the dilemma, he rushed to her wonderful doctor, of shampoo celebrity, Horatio Sake Deen Mahomed, and luxuriated in one of his magical baths.

The doctor advised me to inhale the floating vapour. I did so for a long time. "Now," said he, "try your voice;" and I began chanting that pathetic ballad "Jolly Nose." At that moment the bell in the adjoining apartment rang; the doctor disappeared, and on entering the room, the occupant said, "Ah! ah! I know who my

neighbour is! It is 'Jolly Nose' Paul! Will you, Doctor, ask him to oblige me by singing the song through?" At the request, I complied, and my admiring friend in the next bath-room was none other than Prince Louis Napoleon!

I wonder, if I went as a wandering minstrel, and breathed forth that musical effusion beneath the windows of the Tuileries, whether I should be invited in to partake of a refresher. By-the-by, I shall have more to say of the Prince, anon.

At the end of the first Jack Sheppard season, our manager, Frederick Yates, arranged a provincial tour, and we illuminated the following cities and towns by the representation of that classic drama:—Dublin, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the ancient city of York; the demonstrators being—the Jack, Mrs. Keeley; Fagan, Mr. Yates; Shotbolt, Edward Wright; Jonathan Wild, by Professor Tom Lyon; Owen Wood, by Robert Keeley, and Blueskin, by

the Child Paul. The tour proved triumphantly successful.

We also enacted a very funny farce, entitled "Deeds of Dreadful Note," my lamented fellow-labourer, Edward Wright, playing the principal part. A dummy used in the piece became an object of great interest in the city of York. It was called "The Victim!" This dummy was life size, and to conceal it from curious observation, it was deposited in a capacious bag, that entirely extinguished the figure. But in the hurry of packing, at Newcastle, the bag was mislaid, and the only remedy was to put it into a potato sack, which just reached the neck of the figure, leaving the head exposed to view, and in that state it was deposited in the luggage van. We had to change trains between Newcastle and York, and as the York train was about to start, our anxious manager inquired if the luggage was all right, adding, "Where is the victim?" and looking in the van found it had disappeared. In his despair he requested

Lyon to rush to the other train, and endeavour to recover the lost one. Lyon succeeded; and throwing the sack across his manly shoulder, trotted along the platform, to the great horror and dismay of the passengers, whose heads were thrust out of the windows in wonder and amazement: for be it understood that the head of "the victim" hung behind the figure of Lyon, and at every step the agile bearer took, the head of the figure wobbled up and down — consequently the gazers-on took us for a gang of swell body-snatchers. Arrived in York, we housed at Eldridge's Royal Hotel, and during dinner the waiter entered, in consternation, and whispered something in the ear of our chief, who said, "Tell him to come in." In he came. It was the head policeman, displaying in his right hand a paper, and saying, "Gentlemen, I don't wish to be unpleasant, but when you have done dinner, I must grab you all. This is my warrant from the Lord Mayor to arrest you as a set of body-snatchers." Only imagine,

gentle reader, the roar of laughter this created! The host, John Eldridge, was sent for, and Mr. Yates requested that he (John) should introduce this myrmidon of the law to the innocent "victim" in the sack. The interview finished, the inspector returned laughing, making all sorts of apologies, and, after being invited to take a glass of wine, withdrew. Of course, the inspector piped the affair throughout the city, and the consequence was, that "the victim" became the most attractive star of the whole party.

On the following day I was returning with my manager from rehearsal, when we met our host (Eldridge), and Mr. Yates said, "John, will you do me the pleasure to take wine with us after dinner?" John replied by saying, "I should be very glad, but I am particularly engaged to smoke a pipe and drink a jug of strong ale with the Lord Mayor." What a pattern of simplicity for the swell Lord Mayors of the great metropolis!

Well, returning to town for the winter season

I was doomed to represent another specimen of the fair sex,—Polly, in the "Beggars' Opera;" Mrs. Keeley, Captain Macheath; Yates, Lucy Locket, and Wright, Mrs. Peachum. It ran the whole season to crowded audiences.

On the following summer we again visited Dublin, and there my dear friend and manager was stricken down in sickness, from which he never recovered. Wright and myself joined issue with Alexander Lee and Mrs. Waylett, to carry out the arrangements made by the afflicted one at Dublin.

We visited Cork, Liverpool, Chester, Warwick, Nottingham, Manchester, Preston, and Bolton. It became a joint-stock affair, unlimited. We engaged auxiliary talent, among whom were Mr. Tom Higgie, the wonderful little George Wieland, Mr. Gates, and his daughter Eliza, and they, being natives of Lancashire, were great favourites in that part of the country.

A funny incident occurred at Bolton. Miss Gates was celebrated by her dancing the

"Poetry of Motion," after the manner of the renowned Taglioni. It being a joint-stock affair, it was the custom of any of the speculators, if they were not required in the first pieces, to take money and checks at the doors. Higgie and I, on the night in question, were fixed at the gallery pay-place. The house was crammed, and as my friend and I were counting the tin, we were startled by the sound of some one ascending the stairs in a pair of Lancashire "pumps," decorated with hob-nails. A fine young fellow presented himself, and we left off reckoning the money.

The first question he asked was, "whether show had began?" I said, "Yes."

"How much to see show?" said he. "A shilling," said I.

"Oh, a bob, eh! I say, my swells, is there room for a lad loike me?" I said, "Yes, if you would not mind squeezing in with the pretty girls."

He hesitated, and then said, "I say, covey, does Miss Gutes" (that's Lancashire for Gates),

"doos that lass dance Puatry at Motion ta neight?"

I was puzzled, and inquired of Higgie what the distinguished foreigner was talking about. My friend, who well understood the idiom of the elegant language, informed me that he wished to know if Miss Gates danced the "Poetry of Motion" to-night. I informed him that she did not.

"Then," said he, "my bob goes intom ma pocket agin; I woud na gie a farden to see tother stuff."

This elegant extract was about descending, when my friend and I recommenced taking stock. Our customer turned round, and hailed us thus:—"I say, my swells, the cove at cabin will na' get much a' that blunt after-you two kids have riddled gridiron."

I was obliged to be civil to the youth, remembering the pumps that adorned his "poor feet."

We finished our second summer tour at the industrious town of Nottingham. On Satur-

day, the last night, the performance commenced with "Hamlet," the Danish prince represented by Professor Tom Lyon. My then friend and fellow-labourer, Edward Wright, enacted the first gravedigger, and I the second gravedigger. The first digger prepared himself to take the town by storm by having encased his person within a dozen waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns, and when about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the fair Ophelia, the chief began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. My fellow-labourer was astounded at the peals of merriment created by the ceremony of disrobing. Little did he imagine the cause of mirth, but it was provoked thus. As my chief digger, number one, relieved himself of the waistcoat garment, the innocent boy-digger, number two, encased himself in the cast-off vests, which operation created the salvos of laughter, for as numbe one became thinner and thinner, number tw

grew fatter and fatter, so when my friend discovered the motive power, he stopped the action and commenced digging Ophelia's grave.

On our last night, having been invited to supper with a stanch patron, we had not leisure to take count of the night's takings; we therefore deposited the coin in a leathern hat-box, resolving so to do on the following day. Sunday morning we started. We sought an empty carriage, and were about commencing operations by unlocking the wealthy hat-box, when we were startled by the approach of a respectable-looking gentleman, whom we imagined to be of the Clerical stamp, his neck being decorated by an immense white choker. He ensconced himself in the extreme corner seat, and as he drew from his pocket a manuscript, we concluded that he was a clergyman going to illuminate the inhabitants of the next town. But not so. We passed the station, with our travelling companion still snug in his corner. What was to be done? We gazed at each other in dismay. At length

our clever young friend, George Wieland, who could pantomimically converse most eloquently, indicated that we had better proceed to business. We looked at our neighbour, and fancied he was dozing, the manuscript overshading his visage. The key produced, click snapped the lock. We looked at the fancied sleeper, and saw one terrified eye, quizzing the operation; and as we counted the coin, at every metallic clink it had the effect of producing from the affrighted one in the corner a spasmodic grunt. Well, the operation completed, we soon arrived at Wolverton, where they give ten minutes' halt for refreshments; we got out, Wieland having charge of the treasure box, and before entering the refreshment department, I looked round to see what had become of our alarmed companion. I observed him giving directions to the porter to remove his portmanteau to another compartment. On entering the refreshing place, there were Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Sir George Wombwell, and other of their friends, in the station room. When they

saw me, Lord Adolphus, kind as he ever was, anxiously inquired about the sufferer we had left in Dublin, and expressed deep sorrow at the loss of so gifted an exponent of the dramatic art. Well, the alarm-bell rang. All was hurry scurry. On leaving our carriage we neglected taking the number, therefore we rushed to the nearest vehicle, where we beheld seated in the corner our dismayed companion of the early part of the journey. His terror became awful. He poked his head out of the window, shouting to the guard to stop. It was too late. The train was in motion. I therefore leave the gentle reader to imagine the sufferings endured by the bewildered clerical. Our next halt was at Watford. Our travelling friend got out and requested the guard to remove his luggage. The guard saying "I thought you were booked for London." "Yes, yes," said he, "I am uneasy in my mind, therefore I shall stop here."

Before we started, we observed him in close conversation with the official. When we ar-

rived in town we tarried on the platform, waiting until the guard had completed his duties. I then inquired of him the subject of conversation which he had held with the timid white-chokered gent we left behind. He laughed, and said,

"Oh, Mr. Bedford, I wonder you and your friends hadn't been lagged and sent to prison."

I said, "Why so, my friend?"

The guard replied by saying, "The gentleman that would stop at Watford, said that he would offer up a prayer for his safe delivery from a gang of swellmobsmen, who had gone into the country for the purpose of cracking cribs, and that you had got your ill-begotten spoil locked up in a leathern hat-box."

Half-a-crown to the grinning guard, and homeward we sped.

My third season at the Adelphi became a blank, in consequence of losing the master-spirit Yates, and its destinies being left under the control of an uncongenial person named Gladstanes; therefore to me the charm was

broken, and consequently I migrated to the Princess's, in Oxford Street, serving under the banner of my Hebrew master, John Maddocks; and there it was my good fortune to be associated with the fascinating Anna Thillon, who created such a sensation in the "Crown Diamonds," that it ran the entire of her first season. I represented Rebelledo on that occasion, and in the second season came the charming Albertazzi, in the opera of "L'Elisire d'Amore." Signor Schira at that period was the musical director, and he very kindly taught me the part after the manner of the celebrated Italian Dulcamara. Then followed "Don Pasquale," and after its first representation, the critique in the "Times" spoke of it thus:—"We are puzzled to decide to which of the Pasquales to yield the palm of victory, whether to the Italian Don or the English Don." Only think of that!

The season was about to close, and my benefit appointed. I obtained the patronage of my Lord Combermere and officers of the

First Life Guards. Bills issued and every preparation made for the representation. At this time my present governor, Mr. Benjamin Webster, became proprietor of the Adelphi, he having purchased that property from the executors of the late Mr. Yates.

I then had another visit from my guiding star, Mr. Charles Manby, who came as emissary from Mr. Webster, offering me an engagement to return to my old quarters in the Strand.

I said I had another season to run at the Princess's, and, as I had never broken my vow either in love, friendship, or business, I must decline his offer of returning to the loved spot of my affection.

But what a change of sentiment the morrow brought with it. The weather having set in intensely hot, I was surprised at a notice posted on the Green Room glass, conveying the pleasing intelligence that the season would terminate on the Saturday in that week: be it understood, my benefit was fixed for the Monday week

following. I sought an interview with my old master, the Jew, saying:

"Are you aware that you have fixed my night for Monday week?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I know; but I am not going to keep the theatre open to lose money every night to please you or anybody else, Paul."

"Oh, oh, is that your game?" said I. "Now look here, my jolly old cock, if that's the way you crow, on Saturday next shall be the last flutter of this chick in your roost."

"What!" said he; "Paul, you don't mean to leave me?"

"I do; for you have broken our contract by doing me out of my benefit."

"Well, well," said he, "you shall have it next season."

"No, no," I replied, "I'll have no more of you."

"Well, then, look here, Paul; if you leave me, so help me ——," something, "I'll enter a lawsuit agin ye, if I sell the shoes off my feet to do it."

"Don't be a fool," said I, "for rather than you should walk barefooted through the streets of London, I have got an old pair of slippers at home, which I will present to you as a peace-offering to save you from such disgrace."

He muttered forth something sweet, I replying in the same elegant style, and left him.

The next day I walked to the Haymarket, related my misadventure with my old master, the Jew, and in ten minutes concluded an arrangement with my new master, the Christian. And that engagement has been carried out with the strictest honour from that period up to the present time, with pleasure, I hope, to both.

I forgot to mention that during my Drury Lane career, I had been associated with Schroeder Devrient, in Beethoven's "Fidelio," as Don Pizarro, with Miss Stevens (now Countess of Essex) in various operas, also with that musical wonder Malibran, John Braham, John Sinclair, Henry Phillips, Tom Cooke, Horn, Templeton, and many others too numerous to mention.

Well, on rejoining the old house at home, —I may, with great pleasure, call it my home, having been tenanted there for over twenty years,—Well, having reached the loved nest, the first noteworthy mark made was in the production of the ever-"Green Bushes," by that fertile child, John Baldwin Buckstone,—but the world-wide and domestic phrase of "I believe you, my boy," was indicated to the talented author by that Tar of all nations, the late T. P. Cooke, who said, that when he was a lad, at the naval engagement of the taking of Cape St. Vincent, they had on board a funny and facetious messmate, who, amid the battle's roar, would make them laugh; when a shot had just cleared his figure-head, his gun mate would say, "Hollo, Joe, that was too near to be pleasant." "I believe you, my boy," sung out Joe.

But as I am now recounting deeds of the drama well known to every schoolboy, I will wander away to the United States of America, where, on the first visit of my dear lamented friend, Tyrone Power, he found a resident of

New York, who had been an intimate friend of his in London, in the person of Prince Louis Napoleon. The Prince requested Tyrone would confer on him the pleasure of becoming his travelling companion through the States; it was joyfully granted, and after the successful tour, they returned to England. And well do I remember hearing my dear friend Power say that he considered the Prince the most talented man he had ever met with.

Soon after his return home, Tyrone gave a dinner-party to celebrate the occasion. Among the visitors were Prince Louis, Count d'Orsay, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and many other celebrities. After banqueting, of course the first health drunk was to the host, proposed by the then Duke of Beaufort, which was responded to by enthusiastic *vivas*.

In the course of the evening, the Count d'Orsay proposed a most prophetic toast, begging the gentlemen would fill their glasses bumpers, as he was about proposing the health

of the future Emperor of the French, Prince Louis Napoleon.

The Prince arose, evidently affected at the then seemingly improbable idea of the Count's prophecy ever being realised. "And," said the Prince, "the inscrutability of Providence no mortal could foretell, but all events were probable, and the flattering wish of my friend may not be impossible."

My friend Tyrone was very fond of horse exercise; and one day riding through the Park, he observed his friend, Robert Keeley, advancing in an opposite direction on the outside of his horse. "Where are you going, Bob?" said Tyrone. "Nowhere in particular," answered Robert. "Then I'll tell you what you'll do; you'll just go with me to Grosvenor Square, and after I have paid a visit to my friend Lord So-and-so, we will take a gallop round the Park, and get a fine appetite for dinner." Away they trotted for the Square. The Irish comedian jumped off his horse, and said to the English comedian, "Bob, dear, will you

oblige me by just taking hold of the rein of my prad? I'll not detain you a minute." It was a long minute, and as the passers went by they stared in the face of the well-remembered Robert, who, to avoid the curious gazé of others, led his friend's animal to the railings of the opposite inclosure. Still Paddy came not, Robert grew impatient, and casting his eyes towards the mansion, observed the drawing-room windows crowded by ladies and gentlemen quizzing the discomfited boy through their lunettes. At length Tyrone came, mounted his animal, and away they galloped to the Park. Robert said, "Well, you didn't keep me long waiting, did you?" The other replied by saying, "Bob, you won't mind if I tell you a good joke, will you? But you have been the cause of great mirth among his lordship's family and friends, for on looking from the window his lordship said, 'My dear Power, that is a fine animal that you have mounted your groom on; but I would advise you to put your Tiger on short rations, or

else you will have to get him a stronger horse.' At that observation, dear boy, they all rushed to the windows to take a sight, the which produced great merriment among my aristocratic friends." Dear, good-natured Robert received the intelligence good-humouredly, and said he was delighted that he had represented the character to their satisfaction; but that would be his last appearance in the Park, as he then and there gave his master notice to quit. *Apropos* of my friend Power, after passing two popular and prosperous seasons in the old country at home, he again started for the new country, which resulted, as all creation knows, in misery and destruction; for never more was the old house at home gladdened by the sight of him whose presence gave joy and happiness to thousands, and more particularly to his most intimate friends and acquaintance, who luxuriated in the pleasure of his private and most pleasurable association. After the completion of his second tour of the States, which had resulted far more profitably than the

former one, he was on the eve of departure for the home country, having taken his berth aboard a fast-going clipper ship, the same craft that had brought him safely from Old Albion; "but," as the poet observes, "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" and my friend had experienced that prediction to the full: but what a sad reverse of fortune the ebb of that same tide brought with it, as the following incident will demonstrate. At that same period the celebrated and world-renowned *President* steamer was on the eve of departure. Power accompanied a friend to the office who was anxious to secure a berth for the voyage, but was disappointed, for every available space had been disposed of. My friend Power, in overhauling the log-book of passengers, discovered the name of Lord Fitzroy Lennox, whose sire was the late Duke of Richmond, and the intimate friend and patron of the Doomed Irish Boy, Rory O'More, who inquired of the official at the booking-office if there would be any chance of

one of the secured berths being given up? The reply was in the negative; at which information my friend was greatly disappointed; but an event occurred on his way from the office that put him in tip-top spirits. Good fortune threw in his path Mr. Joseph Wood, who, in conjunction with his wife, *née* the celebrated Miss Paton, had just completed a most profitable operatic tour of the States. Power said, "Joe, my dear fellow, I see by the log-book of the *President* that you have secured a berth aboard that noble craft." "I have," replied Joseph; "and I wish I could find any one that would take it off my hands." "I will," said Power, "and thank you for the bargain." He at the same time told Joseph that he had secured a first-rate cabin aboard a sailing ship, and, if agreeable, they would exchange quarters. The proposition was joyfully accepted by both. They shook the hands of friendship for the last time, wishing each other a prosperous voyage, and parted: little did they imagine, at the separation, that those eyes were never

again destined to gaze on each other's manly form; but such is the mutability of human affairs. But, gentle reader, no doubt you will wonder at the change of sentiment that came o'er my operatic friend Wood. He considered that it would not be agreeable to his wife to be associated with a branch of that noble family, with one of whose members she had formed her first matrimonial alliance, and who was uncle to the lost and lamented young lord who met the fate of all the dear souls that voyaged in that monster ship.

On the following London recess we again visited the provinces; for be it understood, the then Adelphi dramatic seasons did not extend beyond six months annually. On that tour we visited the ancient city of Worcester, where we remained, with great success, for three weeks. Why I mention that professional visit is, because it is connected with an interesting anecdote of a bygone vocal celebrity The ever-to-be-remembered man will live in the memories of all who heard that wondrous vocal

organ breathe forth "The Storm," "Black-eyed Susan," "The Thorn;" who died at Worcester, and was buried near London; the ever-renowned Charles Incledon. On walking down the High Street one morning, accompanied by friends Wright and Alexander Lee, I was addressed by an aristocratic-looking gentleman, who said, "Is that Paul Bedford?" I replied by saying, "It is, sir; all that's left of him."

"Why, Paul, don't you remember John Lavender?" At that moment his fine manly figure-head illuminated my memory, and a cordial shake-hands was the result. With his usual hospitality, he invited us all to dine with him on the following day, and we accepted the invite. He then said,

"After the feed, I will conduct you to a chamber of melancholy interest to children of your cloth."

"Very good. By-the-by," I said, "I forgot to ask one very important question, and that is, where do you hang out your banner?"

"At the county jail," was his reply; "of which establishment I am the governor."

When we heard the address we rather hesitated, fearing that he might introduce us to the dormitory of a demented one of our craft.

"Don't be alarmed," said he; "at three o'clock I shall expect you. Adieu."

The morrow came; at the hour of three we arrived at the awful-looking entrance-gates, rang the ponderous bell, when, through a small wicket, protected with strong iron bars, a visage peeped out, inquiring our business. We presented our cards, when, on the instant, the huge gates were thrown open, and we were welcomed by our hospitable host in the kindest manner. We dined beneath a capacious marquee fixed on the lawn fronting the governor's house.. He had it so arranged in consequence of the heat of the weather. After enjoying a most satisfactory meal, I inquired in what part of the building the chamber of melancholy interest was situated? "Follow me," said he.

We entered the official residence, ascended the first-floor, and were conducted to a bed-room chamber, the walls of which were decorated with likenesses of the departed vocal wonder, Incledon, in all his varied characters.

"On that bed," said our host, "did the great one deliver up his last breath; praying forgiveness for all his sins;" for the dying man had early imbibed the principles of religion, he having been brought up as a chorister-boy, under the tutelage of the celebrated Doctor Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral. The remains were conveyed to London, and consigned to its last resting-place, at the rear of old Hampstead Church. Be it understood, that the celebrated departed was not located in the county mansion of Worcester at the expense of the nation. No! he was there as a visitor to his early-attached friend, the worthy governor, John Lavender, who, by-the-by, was a London celebrity long before the establishment by Sir Robert Peel of our present police force; for he, the governor, was one of the

head officials of Bow Street, and was selected from that force by the Prince Regent, as his Royal Highness's body guard; for, wherever the royal master moved, the official followed as his shadow. He also luxuriated in private apartments in Carlton House; therefore, when the change of the police system took place, the Bow-Street officials retired on pensions; but the royal favoured one was appointed chief of the establishment at Worcester, and dispensed his varied duties to the satisfaction of all unfortunate recipients.

I must here relate a royal anecdote communicated to me by an official belonging to the fine old cathedral of Worcester. On viewing the ancient building, we came to the tomb of King John. I observed that I was not aware before that the royal John was lodged here.

"Oh, yes," said our friend; "and he was not the only royal personage that has been sheltered here; as Elizabeth, our virgin queen, had honoured the sacred edifice, all alive oh!

For on the occasion of her taking a tour of the western part of her dominion, she honoured the ancient city by sojourning here some days; and when about to bid adieu, the royal dame discovered that the travelling exchequer was nigh exhausted. She, therefore, summoned the Mayor and Town Council to a parley, saying, 'Mr. Mayor, and my good masters, having extended my tour beyond the anticipated limits, I discover the *rex pecuniarum* is on the decline; therefore, in this dilemma, will you advance to me the sum of three hundred pounds, for the which I will give you my acknowledgment?' Mr. Mayor and Council felt highly honoured by the royal request, handed over the coin, bowed, and departed, brimfull of pride and loyalty; but, from some cause, never yet elucidated, whether or not the royal dame was troubled with a shallow memory, or, it may have been, through the dishonesty of a deputed conveyancer, the pledged bit of royal scrip has never been redeemed."

When equestrianism reigned triumphant at

Astley's—Andrew Ducrow was the master spirit —and that establishment was thronged nightly by admiring crowds, it became a never-to-be-forgotten event to have witnessed the marvellous acts of horsemanship of the "Courier of St. Petersburg," "The Sailor's Return," &c. So wondrous was the illustration, that the demonstrator became the world's celebrity; and not only as the superior of his class in the circus, he was by many degrees the most elegant rope-dancer I ever beheld. In fact, every movement of this wonder was the poetry of motion. Therefore it was not marvellous that the two master-spirits of their art should have sympathised and become sincere friends, their regard for each other remaining unaltered during their life-time; I mean the great Edmund Kean and the renowned Andrew Ducrow.

Not only was Andrew the Great famed for his public exhibitions, but he became noted for his private hospitality. It was his great pleasure to invite friends to a *petit souper* at his private

residence, adjoining the theatre. On one occasion, there were present Edmund Kean, the aristocratic trio Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Count d'Orsay, and Sir George Wombwell, and many other men of note. Our host used to apologise for appearing in his *robe de chambre*, saying, that the fatigue of his evening's exertion must plead his excuse. As a grace to supper, he invariably challenged all hands to a bumper of champagne. The first Madam Ducrow decorated the head of the table, and Andrew, seated in his easy-chair, occupied the other end. On the right of Madam was the Count d'Orsay; on the left, Lord Adolphus. On the top-dish was displayed the half of a roasted pig. Madam asked the Count of what he would partake. He answered by inquiring what it was on the dish before her. She said it was roasted pig.

"Ah! ah!" said the Count, "I like the pig roast very much; will you oblige me by a slice of that little animal?"

"With pleasure, Count," said Madam; and,

taking the carving-knife in hand, she commenced the operation, but, unfortunately, got the instrument among the ribs.

Andrew, observing the struggle, arose from his seat, saying, "My dear Madam, what are you trying to do?"

Madam said, "My dear Andrew, I am endeavouring to help the Count to a slice of the pig."

"My love," answered our host, "you have got in the wrong place. What's the use to fiddle away at the ribs? Why don't you cut him on the hind part; that's where the meat lies."

After supping, the vocal art reigned triumphant. Among the musical children was Nathan, the composer, who arranged for the piano Lord Byron's Hebrew melodies.

In the course of the evening our worthy host requested that Nathan would sing that pretty song that he so much admired.

"What song is it, Mr. Ducrow?"

"Why, that pretty one, about 'Jaffier's Fair Daughter.'"

"My dear sir," said Nathan, "you mistake the name; it is 'Jephtha's Fair Daughter.'"

"Well," said Andrew, "never mind her name. I am told she was a very nice girl. So pray chant."

Thus ended a very delightful evening.

I omitted mentioning another celebrity belonging to the establishment, in the person of the late elegant little Widdicomb (father of the celebrated comedian, Henry, of that name), who with so much grace handled the persuader regulating the paces of the beautiful animals during the performance in the circus.

Some years bygone I had occasion to call on Sir Andrew Barnard, who was then governor of that noble institution, Chelsea Hospital. On my arrival, I found Sir Andrew officially engaged, and he could not give me an interview for a quarter of an hour. To while away the time, I made a visit to the plaisaunce, in the centre of which is erected a statue; and not knowing who it represented, I accosted a brave old boy who was pacing up and down as sentry.

"Comrade," said I, "whose statue is that?"

He replied by saying, "I dare not hold a parley, being on duty; I will hail one of my comrades, who will tell your honour all about it."

I followed him to the foot of a staircase, that ascends to the dormitories, and, with a fine stentorian voice, he sung out, "Jem Warde, come down; you're wanted."

That familiar name struck me with curiosity. I, therefore, expected to see my tragic friend James Prescott Warde, of Covent Garden, trot down the stairs. But no; it was another brave old boy of the self-same name.

When he appeared, the sentry said, "Jem, tell his honour all about that ere cove in the middle, yonder."

We approached the statue. I then discovered it was the effigy of Charles the Second.

"Ah," said I to Jem Warde, "then it was good King Charley that founded and built this beautiful residence for you brave lads?"

"Not he," said Jem; "not that ugly old

cove. No, no; it was a hangel, and her name was Lady Ellen Gwynne, God bless her!"

"Ah! ah!" said I, "that's news; I never heard that before."

"I'll tell your honour how it came about. When Charley and the lovely girl used to be a driving in the carriage through St. James's Park, she used to see we old coveys a lying about there without our arms and legs. 'Oh, Charles,' said the angel to the royal sweetheart, 'what a heart-rendering sight it is to see these brave fellows in such a wretched condition. Why not build them a residence, wherein they might pass the remainder of their lives in comfort and happiness.' 'Salute me,' said Charley to the angel creature, 'and it shall be done.' Therefore, your honour, instead of that ugly old covey being stuck up there, we ought to have an angel likeness of the lovely cretur to whom we're indebted for all these 'ere blessings."

Cheltenham, at the period of the following narrative, was the labyrinth of fashion and beauty, attracted thither at the time when the

amateur theatricals were in their youth; and the most admired of the company among the dramatic gents was the celebrated Colonel Berkeley, who became in after life the Earl Fitzhardinge, and, without exception, he was the most accomplished amateur actor I ever beheld. The manager at that period was a vulgar old Irishman, by name Watson, and it was his custom to invite the gentlemen, at the end of the first piece, to visit the Green-room, that he designated as his lamb market. Among his regular dramatic corps he had a conscientious, well-regulated prompter, whose partner (his wife) was in a delicate state of health; the consequence was, the dear creature became a mere shadow of her former self. And when the old wretch of a manager entered the Green-room, surrounded by the gay gallants, he would say, "Now, gentlemen, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my pretty lambs."

At that moment the prompter made his appearance, saying, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Watson, but before you do yourself the honour

of opening your little lamb market, will you allow me the privilege of removing my scrag of mutton?"

That rebuke created great laughter, and the honoured prompter withdrew with the loved partner of his bosom from the presence-chamber of the old wretch of a manager.

During the residence of the Prince Napoleon in this country, he was upon the most friendly and daily visiting terms with the inmates of Gore House, Lady Blessington, Count d'Orsay, and the Miss Powers; and, I believe, they were the only parties in this country who were cognisant of the prince's affair at Strasbourg; the which resulted in disaster and imprisonment. But his escape from captivity is invested with romantic interest. It was during his incarceration, that the prince began his celebrated work on labour. The captive prince had a faithful follower and friend in the person of his valet, Charles, and this attached creature obtained permission of the governor to reside within the fort, to tend to the wants of his

loved master. Charles was not under restraint, the governor allowing him free egress and ingress at all times. At that period the fort was invested by a numerous body of workmen repairing the decayed and crumbling walls of that great prison. On several occasions, when the work-people retired at mid-day to the town for the dinner hour, the faithful valet, Charles, was in their midst, and what struck him with great surprise was, that the work-people passed in and out without giving any countersign to the sentinels on duty. Therefore Charles conceived the idea, that if he could obtain possession of one of the worker's dresses, it would facilitate the escape of his captive chief. He indicated to the prince his idea, relating all the events before mentioned. The prince being impressed with the imparted notion, they began to mature their plans for escaping from bondage. The dress having been procured, the persevering valet communicated the design to a few staunch friends of the prince; among whom was the

devoted Count Persigny, who, with the others, had been awaiting in the town, *incognito*, the current of events. The anxious day arrived. The workmen were employed in removing building materials from the fort. On the right shoulder of the fugitive prince was placed a plank that completely masked the countenance of the retiring one from the sentinels' observation. The well-matured scheme culminated most successfully. A passport under a feigned name was obtained for him by his trusted friends, by which means the escaped man crossed the frontier into Belgium, ultimately arriving in England, to the great joy of all his friends, none more sincere than the inmates of Gore House.

By-the-by, during the absence of the prince, the Count d'Orsay's worldly affairs became mystified. The consequence was, that he could only venture from without the gates of Gore House, just after the hour of twelve on Saturday night, taking care to be safely caged again at Kensington before midnight on Sun-

day. The great precaution required for this stringent arrangement was to avoid the pressing demands of a Sloman brigade, who were always on the *qui vive* seeking an opportunity of tapping the aristocratic bird on the left shoulder. On the arrival of the fortunate escaped Napoleon in London, he made straight for the friendly roof of his staunch co-mates at Gore House. The event happened on a Sunday night, shortly after twelve o'clock. The prince rang the bell, when a small wicket was opened by the faithful gate-porter, who said, "Now then, what's your game? What do you want?"

The reply was, that the bell-ringer wanted to see the count on particular business.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Cerberus. "Now, if you don't walk your chalks, my Hebrew swell, I'll come round and give you the jolliest hiding you ever had." He then closed the wicket, and retired.

Again the bell rang louder.

Open shot the wicket, and the same visage

met the watchful porter's eye. "What, not gone yet?" said the faithful sentry.

"You mistake," said the outsider. "I am not who you think,—I am the Prince Louis Napoleon."

"The Prince Louis devil," said the porter, "he's limbered safe enough."

Again the wicket closed, and again rang the bell.

At that moment, the count's faithful attaché, Mr. Richard Dunne (my informant), was crossing the court-yard, and inquired of the porter who it was ringing at the gate bell. When he, the porter, said "it was one of Sloman's myrmidons, who tried to gammon me by saying he was Prince Napoleon."

"Let me have a look at him," said Dunne.

The wicket again opened, when, to the amazement of the beholder, he saw the well-known and familiar visage of the royal and fortunate fugitive.

Time rolled on, and Napoleon's lucky star shone brightly on him, and when he be-

came the head of the French nation, he did not forget the friendship cemented at the period of his exile with the hospitable inhabitants of Gore House, and when the Count d'Orsay migrated under a stress of weather to Paris, he was not forgotten by the Emperor, who administered to his necessities by appointing the Count Minister des Beaux Arts, which position the Count occupied during his lifetime.

Some ten years ago, my fellow-labourer Wright and self visited Cambridge for a twelve nights' engagement, under the management of Edward Hooper, usually called Gentleman Ned.

I inquired of my manager friend, at what college the memorial of the world-renowned Poet Byron was placed. He said, "At Trinity, where he matriculated; would you like to see it, Paul?" I said I would not for the world forego the pleasure of looking on the image of one I had known in his lifetime. On the morrow we sped thither. We were expected by the chief in command of that wondrous

library, and after some agreeable conversation with the gentleman, who pointed out the favourite table and chair where the poet lord wrote many of the sketches of his celebrated Hours of Idleness, and other poems, I said, "Where, dear sir, is the memorial of the gifted one deposited?" He invited us to the extreme end of the magnificent library, and there I beheld a marble visage of the inspired departed, true to the life; it was chiselled by the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. I said, "I believe, sir, this great work was intended to adorn Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey." "It was so," he answered; "but the Dean and Chapter of that sacred edifice refused their sanction, because they considered his lordship to have been an immoral man." I replied by saying, "Dear sir, when the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, and all other abbeys, are gone to heaven and forgotten, that wondrous creature will be remembered, were it only for his divine poem 'On Darkness.'" "Very fine," said our friend; "you have great

poetic taste. Pray, may I inquire at what college you matriculated?" "At St. Giles's," was my answer. "St. Giles's! we have no college so named at Cambridge." He then consulted a large book. "No, nor at Oxford; nor in Ireland or Scotland. May I ask," said he, "where St. Giles's is situated?" "I'll tell you, sir," said I. "You will discover it on the confines of that classic ground called Tottenham Court Road. The principal depôt for studying the spirits being the Seven Dials."

Our classic friend enjoyed the description, and invited us to lunch with him in his private chambers.

On the refusal of the abbey authorities to allow the beautiful work of art to adorn Poets' Corner, it was consigned to the cells of the Custom-house, where it lay unheeded for twenty-five years; ultimately it was exhumed by the Cambridge Trinity College superiors, and erected, as before described, to the honour of one of our nation's most inspired bards.

During my theatrical life I have been a close

observer of human existence, and it has been my fate to have commingled with the worthiest and most honourable sections of society; but as a counteracting element, I have been professionally obliged to intermingle with pretenders and counterfeits. The first of these worthies was in the person of Laporte, who, after setting his confiding friends to music at Her Majesty's Theatre (Opera House), ended in discord, as he mulcted some confiding flats out of thousands. Then the Beauty retired from that *locale*, and changed the *venu* to Drury Lane, enacting the parts usually played by Harley. There he located two seasons. At that period an opportunity presented itself which culminated in one of the most gorgeous swindles of modern times. The Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, at that period was minus a lessee. The downy Frenchman proposed for it, and was accepted. He carried on some two or three seasons, and then burst up. He retired to his native nest, Paris, and consoled himself by luxuriating in some twenty thousand pounds

which ought to have been dispensed among the fleeced artists, landlords, traders, and others. However, he did not long survive to enjoy the plunder.

Again, about four years ago, we were illuminated by a *Phantom* that had flitted across the broad Atlantic, and this sapient shadow perched at a celebrated dramatic establishment in the Strand, with a fixed determination of disposing of the stock in trade at an alarming sacrifice. Well, the *thing* proposed to the head of the firm as a sweeping measure, that it would with a broom brush out the old hands, and import from the new country, articles that would prove far more attractive. "Well," said the master, "the samples you have displayed are not of the first quality. The black article certainly passed muster, but the *Scudder*, the other article, turned out the vilest duffer ever exhibited in this or any other country." This ephemeral article, the Phantom, after luxuriating some two seasons in the Strand, migrated to the other side of

the water, with a fixed determination of setting the Thames on fire, and in its flight, the creature collected a shoal of flat-fish called flounders; and when it had netted its prey, left them to the mercy of a set of land-crabs, that pinched them severely, until they disgorged their roes in the shape of spangles, to the great satisfaction of the fishers, John Doe and Richard Roe. Again, the *thing* threatened to land on the confines of the Haymarket; but that bubble burst, like the others, into thin air; therefore I would advise the creature, for the future, to settle down on the other side of Jordan.

A few days ago I was somewhat surprised at reading in the papers, that Merchant Peabody's munificent gift to the working and needy classes of London, is about being developed in a locality at the east end of the Metropolis, and from what can be understood as to the rents to be charged for habitation, it has all the appearance of a joint-stock speculation, yielding so much *per cent.* I presume such was not the

original idea of the bountiful giver's intention. My Gothic idea of dispensing the blessing, I illustrated in the shape of a letter, which was published in one of our leading journals last year, 1863; it runs thus:—

THE PEABODY GIFT.

To the Editor of the Star.

"SIR,

"It is now, I believe, nearly one year past since a munificent gift was bestowed by Nature's nobleman, Merchant Peabody, to ameliorate the condition of the labouring and needy classes of this our gigantic village of London. Since that period I have never heard in what manner this noble and bounteous offering is to be devoted, whether in weekly alms, or habitations. If the latter, would you pardon me for presuming a suggestion on that point. It is a well-known fact that idiots have, by the Divine dispensation of Providence, sane moments and inspi-

rations, therefore I would ask if you would consider the following idea idiotic. I have heard the disposal of this noble and princely benefactor's gift is to be carried out thus:—to establish a village or colony at the east end of London. That would certainly be delightful for the lads of the village, east—but how about the other three points? Now, if I were this noble creature, I would have it run thus: at the extreme points of this our giant village, east, west, north and south, I would have established locations, to be named Peabody's colony or village; for if it is to be all devoted to one point, we should have multitudes rushing there, reminding us of a new discovery of gold-digging in foreign lands. Therefore, by so disposing of this pattern card's example, it would benefit creation at all points of the compass. And how delightful and heart-cheering it will be to this model man, when meandering through the locations, to view the happy faces upturned to him, and hearing an urchin ask of the parent, if that is the good

gentleman who gave them their happy homes, and to hear the father replying by saying, *I believe you, my boy.* Should you consider this trifle worthy a nook in your universal journal, you would greatly oblige

"Yours, truly,

"PAUL BEDFORD."

"Royal Adelphi Theatre."

By-the-by, will any of our learned dictionaries expound the real definition of the word *gift?* I ever imagined it to be, *to part with,* but according to the modern interpretation, it reminds me that if in the streets you give to a needy creature with the right hand a penny, at the same time extending the left hand, receiving a farthing by way of interest, the which—according to Cocker—would amount to 25 per cent. Therefore, I should be thankful to ascertain the real meaning of the word. As the bountiful gift is at present administered, there is no novelty in the movement, because we have already model lodging-

houses, where accommodation might be obtained at a much cheaper rate. Therefore, so much for your boasted gift.

One of the wonders of the world is my Lord Palmerston, our noble premier, who in his maturity, displays all the buoyancy of youth. As an instance, on one morning last season I was walking to town, and when within the railings of the Green Park, opposite Cambridge House, the residence of the gifted one, I observed a cluster of ladies and gentlemen congregated. I joined the admiring throng, and observed a groom meandering around the courtyard, holding the bridle of a led horse, and I heard the ladies say, "Oh, his lordship is going out to enjoy his morning ride." "I wonder," said another fair creature, "if the dear fellow will be enabled to get on the horse without assistance." At that moment the doors were thrown open: out came his lordship, looking as gay as a lark, and putting one foot in the stirrup, vaulted on the saddle with the agility of a youth of twenty

years old. The action made me blush, for I could not have accomplished that feat without the assistance of a leg up.

The Lions.—I read the horrible story of the poor fellow at the Agricultural Hall being seized by two royal brutes—lions—and the officials regretted they could not rescue the sufferer from the fangs of the savage brutes, not having red-hot irons ready. Now, had I been there, I would have released the mangled man in a minute, thus: Years bygone, I was walking in Regent Street, when a huge bull-dog sprang from a coal-waggon and grappled within his ponderous jaws a beautiful spaniel pet, belonging to a lady that was passing. The coalies made every effort to make the savage brute let go his prey, they bit his tail and legs,—no use. I sung out, "Here, coaly, apply this to his nostrils," and taking from my pocket a snuff-box, poured the contents into the man's hand, and told him to apply it to the nose of the torturer. He did so. The effect was instantaneous. The brute sneezed,

and dropped the bleeding animal. The lady's gratitude was unbounded, and had it not been in so public a thoroughfare, I do believe she would have embraced the doctor.

Now I will impart how I came to the knowledge of this *secret worth knowing.* During Alfred Bunn's management at Drury Lane, he imported from the continent a troupe of performing lions, tigers, &c., &c. (it was prior to Van Amburgh's visit). The animals were housed in their dens at the extreme back part of the stage, when one morning, at rehearsal time we were alarmed at the cries of some one in distress, and it was discovered that one of the tigers had seized a keeper by the arm. The master was in the theatre: he rushed to the den, drew forth his snuff-box, applied the sneezing-powder to the brute's nostrils, which had the effect before described.

When my late friend and associate, Wright, departed, I despaired of ever again meeting one with whom I could so congenially co-operate for the amusement of the public, but I have

been most agreeably delighted and surprised by the copartnery and talent of one of the most versatile and agreeable demonstrators of the comic muse in this or any] other country —I allude to J. L. Toole, whose public celebrity is world-renowned, but whose real worth and goodness can only be appreciated by those who have the pleasure of his private society and friendship. This miniature of goodness is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy of our craft. For example, on one night last season he played at three theatres, first at the Surrey, secondly at the Adelphi, and thirdly at Sadler's Wells. A comic incident occurred in the transit from the Adelphi to Sadler's Wells. He—Toole—played the clock-maker boy in "Janet Pride," at the Adelphi, having to finish at Sadler's Wells as Old Grinnidge in the "Green Bushes." Being pressed for time, he changed garments in the cab. When arrived at the theatre, cabby was astonished to see the old man turn out, and said, "What have you done with the boy?

this old cove didn't get in at the Adelphi, what have you done with the young 'un? I ain't easy in my mind about that there lad." We laughed, and told the Jarvey it was all right.

I decorated as Jack Gong at the Adelphi, and, in the hurry of getting off to Sadler's Wells, our attendant forgot to pack up my under garment called shirt, and, being invited by my young friend to repose at his hospitable residence at Hampstead, I was greatly perplexed next morning as to my appearance in the broad glare of day, before the public. My kind host said, "We'll get over that difficulty thus. You shall have one of my undergarments." We commenced the operation of getting it on, and the fun created in the struggle, we enjoyed, but can't describe.

In the following anecdote are associated the names of *four men of mark*, two of which number have long since departed; but the other two are with us, *all alive oh!* The

names of the departed two are Edmund Kean (the Great) and the facetious Robert William Elliston. The other duet pair of the interesting quartet is the celebrated John Baldwin Buckstone and the renowned artist Sydney Cooper. The event runs thus :—

The first plunge of Buckstone and Cooper into dramatic life was taken at the fashionable sea-side watering town of *Hastings*. J. B. Buckstone being engaged for utility business (that means play anything), and Sydney Cooper as scenic artist, the season commenced and progressed with varied success—sometimes good, but more frequently very bad. At last their hopes were obliterated by the arrival in town of Wombwell's Menagerie, and the natives (being at that time uneducated) displayed their taste by patronising the show and deserting the play-house. The consequence was, the uncertainty of the theatrical treasury (or pay office) being opened on the Saturday; and when "the ghost" (money) did occasionally appear, it was a mere shadow of its former self. But the scenic

artist, who was ever a prudent boy, had accumulated savings to the amount of five pounds, as a reserve fund for a rainy day. The flimsy (or note) he always, for safety, kept deposited within the cases of a huge old-fashioned silver watch; and thus, as he performed the operation of winding up the instrument of time, he nightly felt assured his treasure was all right. But we sleeping mortals little dream of the disasters the morrow may bring with it. So with our clever artist; for on awaking in the morning, he arose from his troubled couch, and, advancing to the imagined secure depository, he, to his horror, discovered that the loved time remembrancer and its contents had evaporated, and could not afterwards be seen or heard of. What a misfortune, in such an hour of distress! However, from evil often ariseth good. And so in this case, the particulars of which you shall know anon.

The distressed manager assembled the company to a parley on the state of affairs; and it resulted in the selection of a celebrated drama,

that he (the manager) hoped would retrieve the decaying fortunes of the establishment. In that drama the utility boy (John Buckstone) had assigned to him a most important part; to perfect himself in which, he used to wander away to the neighbouring Downs, for quiet and seclusion, when one day he was greatly annoyed by a gentleman hovering around him, and taking a curious peep at the book he had in hand. At length the intruder broke silence by saying, "My young friend, you appear greatly enrapt with the book you have before you. I hope you will not consider me intrusive by inquiring the subject of your attention."

The young utility boy handed the book to the inquiring stranger, who, on looking at the title page, discovered it to be a celebrated melodrama playing with great success at the Surrey Theatre.

"Oh, oh!" said the stranger, "I see you have great taste for dramatic literature."

The utility boy informed the stranger that

he was a member of the company now performing at Hastings.

The gentleman said that he had great taste for dramatic works, particularly Shakespeare's tragedies.

"Ah," said the rustic actor, "William Shakespeare is not a gentleman of my acquaintance yet, but I hope in time to be on speaking terms with him."

"Very good," said the stranger. "Pray may I inquire what sort of trade you are doing at the theatre?"

The utility boy was very communicative, revealing all the disasters of little or no salaries, and the success of the opposition show. He also informed the stranger that the benefit season was about beginning, and that was the only hope they had of getting enough to wipe off the *chalks*, and leave the town with honour.

The gentleman said he should very much like to see over the theatre; and if it would not disturb his study, would he (the boy) do

him the pleasure of walking to town with him, and show him over the establishment. The local actor readily consented, imagining that he had secured a victim to patronise him on his approaching benefit night. The gent's person was decorated by a blue coat with brass buttons, tight pants, and Hessian boots, with corresponding tassels.

Well, after viewing over the establishment, the stranger was about taking leave of his rustic acquaintance, when a post-chaise drove hastily up to the door. Out jumped a gentleman, who was none other than Robert William Elliston, the then manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; and he (Robert William), taking the unknown by the hand, said, "My dear Kean, you must return to town with me to-morrow. Since your absence, the business has been ruinous; therefore I must announce you as Richard the Third for Monday."

"Oh, no," said Edmund; "I came hither with your consent, to study my part in the new tragedy."

"Never mind the new part; we can put that off," said Robert William.

"Well," said the great tragedian, "I will make a compact with you, and that is, if you will remain here, and perform with me, for the benefit of these our unfortunate brethren, on the morrow night, I will depart with you on the following morning."

The terms were joyfully accepted. The morrow came. The pieces were the Merchant of Venice—Shylock by the Roscius of the world; concluding with the farce of the Liar —Wildrake by the renowned R. W. Elliston. House crammed to suffocation; and it resulted in money enough being taken to pay all back salaries, not forgetting the lost watch and contents; also cash enough to take them with comfort to the next town, which was Dover. Now, there was a pattern of goodness for our swell tragedians to emulate.

MILITARY LIFE.

AT the period of my early London life at Drury Lane, the green room at that time was elegantly furnished and decorated, and it was always considered a great privilege to be admitted as a visitor by all who had the good fortune to be so complimented. Among the manager's friends was an officer in the Guards, of the name of West. He was a fine young fellow, and became greatly enamoured of Josephine Bartalozzi, the beautiful and younger sister of the late Madame Vestris. At that time it was the rage for all gallants to serenade their adored ones, either vocally or instrumentally. The man of war began by singing beneath the window of the admired one, hoping to attract recognition of his presence; but it had not the desired effect, the inmates imagining it to be some poor unfortunate midnight ballad singer, hoping to get a fugitive penny thrown from the window towards obtain-

ing enough for his night's lodging. The captain's voice was none of the sweetest, and he always roared out, "The Bay of Biscay, oh!" which is not considered a love ditty. He therefore rushed the next morning in despair to the master of the band (the late Mr. Godfrey), to consult him, in his despair, on the subject. He informed the master of his failure in the vocal art, and he wished to know what instrument he could learn in the course of a week that would have the desired effect.

"Say, Godfrey, dear fellow, could I get perfect on the ophicleide, the trombone, the bassoon, or any other trifling instrument of that sort?"

The worthy master informed the love-stricken captain that it would take half a lifetime to be proficient on either of those instruments mentioned.

"What a demmed bore!" said the captain, "that I can't get over this musical difficulty without devoting so long a time to the dem things."

"Shall we begin to-morrow morning," said Godfrey, "with the first lesson on the trombone?"

"No, no, dear Godfrey, it will never do," replied the distracted captain. "There's a dem fellow, that plays on his guitar and sings like an angel on horseback, and the dear creature always comes to the window to listen to that lucky warbler. Now, in this dilemma, what's to be done, Godfrey? I want to play some instrument that will drown that infernal fellow's singing, and the tinkling of his dem guitar."

The master (Godfrey) at that moment became *illuminated* with an idea, the which he imparted to the love-sick captain; and that was, that if he (the captain) would condescend to take some lessons on the kettle drums, that he (Godfrey) would make him master of the instruments in a week. The proposition was joyfully accepted by the captain; and every time the charmer with the guitar began to chaunt, the brave soldier rattled away, so that

he completely drummed his rival out of the field; and ever after the gallant captain luxuriated in the cognomen of Kettle-Drum West.

Another military anecdote, somewhat different to the one described of the amatory achievement of Kettle-Drum West. It runs thus: At the period of the lesseeship of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the joint management of Captain Polhill and Alexander Lee,—among other accepted visitors to the Green-room, there was a brave Guardsman, named Captain Gronow; and the following incident will prove that he is honourably entitled to be called brave. At that time there existed in Paris a bouncing Frenchman, who became the terror of all society, he being the most expert pistol duellist in the nation, and upon every frivolous or imagined insult would call his man out, and shoot him to the death. Onward he proceeded prosperously for years; but one fine morning he was brought up with a round turn, thus. Among the numerous visitors in Paris,

at that fashionable period, there was an English lady and her son, a fine specimen of British youth. The mother and son were invited to an aristocratic *ensemble,* among whom was the duel fiend, who had been dancing with a Parisian beauty. At the conclusion of the quadrille, our unfortunate native advanced and solicited the honour of the lady's hand as partner in the next dance. The bully Frenchman objected, whereupon an angry discussion took place, which resulted in a challenge being sent and accepted by the brave young Englishman. On the morrow morning, and at the appointed place and hour, they appeared, true to the minute. Arrangements concluded, they took their ground. It was the custom of this fire-king to take position at twelve paces, advancing on each other, and firing *ad libitum.* They approached—a few steps; the Briton fired, but, unfortunately, missed his man. The Frenchman did not return the fire at that point, but, walking up to his adversary, and placing his

hand upon his heart, said, "No extra palpitation! you're a brave fellow, and deserve a better fate." At the same moment, withdrawing his hand from the doomed one's breast, then placing the muzzle of the pistol on the spot, fired, and instantaneously the brave youth was obliterated from creation. What a sad fatality for the heart-broken and distracted mother! On the news arriving in London, what a consternation was created! It was reported in the evening papers of the day. The mess of the regiment the brave Captain Gronow belonged to had just finished their banquet, when a brother officer entered in dismay, and read the dreadful intelligence to the assembled ones surrounding the table. Upon the instant, the gallant Captain jumped from his seat, ordered his servant to pack up his traps, and started that night for Paris, declaring he would call the bully out, and if successful it might be the means of assuaging the grief of the forlorn mother for the loss of her loved boy. On arriving in Paris, the

Captain sought the first opportunity of finding out the slayer. He met him at an assembly, and in the dance took a position near the dreaded one, and whether by accident or design the Captain trod on the foot of the accomplished duellist. Angry words ensued—no apology — challenge sent — meeting appointed—the arrangements as before—twelve paces—then advance—fire at pleasure. The Captain drew the Frenchman's fire, who, for once, missed the mark, and in return for the intended compliment shot the monster dead on the spot. Bravo, my brave Captain! The victorious Captain soon after returned to home quarters, when, on making his accustomed visit to the Drury Lane Green-room, he was saluted with salvos of *Vivas* by the assembled company.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY CONCERT

AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

My co-partner (J. L. Toole) and self were invited to take part and mix up in the musical gathering on the occasion, and with the sanction of our chief (Benjamin Webster) we consented; but we were greatly perplexed to discover themes that would sympathise on the glorious occasion. We therefore consulted the programme, and discovered that we were announced at the end of the second act. We therefore sought a parley with the clever and obliging conductor, Mr. Benedict, who informed us that to suit our own convenience we might transpose the position at pleasure; therefore we selected numbers four and five in the first act. Thus was all serene; but how about the listening and attentive audience? Some explanation was required for the interruption, though what puzzled us most was to find language

and song that would assimilate and sympathise with the inspirations of the world's bard. The innocent effusions selected for the occasion were that redolent "Jolly Nose," and the domestic ditty of "A Norrible Tale." I was the first to put in an appearance, and on ascending the orchestra platform I became somewhat nervous on viewing the assembled eighteen or twenty thousand listeners, and the vast extent of that monster building. I feared my infantine and agitated notes would not be heard beyond the front rows. However, I mustered courage, and before I warbled I spoke thus:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will excuse my athletic young friend and your trembling boy for obtruding ourselves on your presence thus early, and disturbing the general run of the musical programme, but 'necessity hath no law;' for about the hour of nine our duties demand our presence at the homestead in the midst of our giant village—in the Strand. Therefore, my fostering and encouraging friends, I will breathe forth the result of a

dream, dreamed by that inspired and immaculate bard, William Shakespeare, who lodged at Stratford-on-Avon." The imparted sleeping idea of the world's poet was about his pet boy, Bardolph, and his "Jolly Nose." The address was greatly enjoyed. Then chaunting the plaintive ballad, which at the termination was vociferously redemanded by the admiring crowd, my co-partner followed with his Norrible Tale, and that shared the same fate.

EDINBURGH.

SOME thirty bygone years, Sir Henry Bishop (then Henry Bishop) was unanimously elected as *musical chief* of the college in Edinburgh; and at the period of his inauguration to the harmonious throne, he (Sir Henry) intended to astonish the natives, by introducing on the occasion the celebrated London Glee Singers, who accompanied their chief to the northern metropolis; and on the day previous to the installing ceremonial concert, a rehearsal took place. The first glee intoned was "Hail! smiling morn!" the most beautiful effect of that charming composition being the echo. But, alas! Sir Henry discovered that he had not imported English vocals sufficient for the occasion. What was to be done to get over the difficulty? Therefore, after mature consideration, it resulted in Sir Henry holding a parley with the Scottish musical chief, who kindly proposed the services of their native

vocal children to fill up the gap. And the offer was joyfully accepted by the English chief. They began. The poetry of that delightful composition runs thus:—

"Hail, smiling morn! who tips the hills with gold...
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.
(*Echo, supposed to be from the clouds,*)
Flees awa'.
Flies away.
(*Echo*) Flees awa'.
Darkness flies away.
(*Answer*) Darkness flees awa'."

The eccentricity of the echo produced roars of laughter, and culminated in the beautiful composition being left out of the programme.

A YORKSHIRE JURY.

THE native peasantry about Roseberry Topping, in the North Riding, are a very simple-minded race, as the following anecdote will illlustrate :—

A rustic cotter came (by accident) to an untimely end; consequently a jury was summoned to sit upon the body for the purpose of obtaining information on what had led to the disastrous result. They (the jury) were called from the surrounding agricultural districts. The foreman was a law celebrity (commonly called solicitor), and a very shrewd man. The twelve sapient jurymen were assembled, and started on their melancholy mission for the cottage of sorrow; the foreman on horseback, the jury on foot.

On going along the road, the man of law encountered a confiding client; and as they had some topic of a forensic nature to talk about, the foreman said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will go on to the cottage, and com-

mence proceedings by sitting on the body. I will follow immediately."

Away sped the gentlemen of the jury. The foreman's conference with his client having been somewhat lengthy, half an hour or so elapsed before he arrived at the cottage. On entering the humble home, the foreman was horrified at seeing six of the gentlemen of the jury seated on the remains of the departed —the lower three astride the body, the upper three on the lower three's shoulders; the third three endeavouring to mount the living *pyramid*, but in vain. The foreman said, "Gentlemen, what are you about?" "Why, Measter Curriner, we be about trying to sit on body, but we canna do it; therefore, if you wishes us twelve to sit on body at one time, you must find us a larger mon, or else we must do this short one at twice!"

What an example of rustic simplicity!

And now to my kind readers I must say, *Au revoir pour le présent*, with the following remarks on a celebrity nightly demonstrating

at the Adelphi. Friends have frequently asked my opinion of the dramatic child Miss Bateman, and when I have replied by saying that I never yet witnessed the efforts of that Columbian daughter, because I did not expect to see one who could obliterate the impression stamped on my mind by the wondrous efforts of the gifted Miss O'Neile, "Go and see Leah's fourth act," said they. I did so, and I was delighted; in fact, I must say it's the nearest approach to the world-renowned Juliet I have ever witnessed. Of all the dramatic importations from the new country, Leah (Miss Bateman) stands pre-eminent; she's of the O'Neile form and feminine beauty.

Aboard the Adelphi craft my associates are the most agreeable crew I ever sailed with, and among them is one who was pressed young into the service, always admired, but now, arrived at maturity, adored. I mean, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, *née* Woolgar. My affection is also due to Mrs. Billington, she having been my last representative of Jack Sheppard in the classical drama of that name.

MAIDEN LANE.

RUNNING parallel with the main artery of the metropolis (the Strand), at the rear of the Adelphi Theatre, is a minute fibre, called Maiden Lane—the which might be designated as classic ground—where the celebrities of bygone days did meet, and in an unpretending building of which the renowned painter, Turner, first saw light of day; also, Voltaire the Great sought this humble locality as a sanctuary when he fled from his native land as a refugee; again, Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, Boswell, and the wits of the day, used to congregate at a hostelry called the Bedford Head, the same congenial spot still flourishing under the government of the present obliging landlord and landlady. The portion of Maiden Lane in which this tavern stands is an interesting part of old London, and full of agreeable memories. It was next door that Andrew Marvell, the poet and patriot, lived, and here it was that he was lodging when Lord Danby ascended the stairs

with a message and bribe from the King, but found him (the poet) too proud and honest to accept the royal offer. It is said that he was dining off the pickings of a mutton bone, and that as soon as the Lord Treasurer had gone, he was obliged to send to a friend to borrow a guinea. Voltaire lodged next door, at the house of a fashionable French perruquier, exhibiting the sign of "The White Peruke." He (Voltaire) was then young: he had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a libel, and on his release he came to England and procured many subscriptions for the "Henriade." He resided here many years, becoming acquainted with Pope, Congreve, Young, and other celebrated literary men of the period, and to the Old Bedford Head Tavern, tradition asserts they frequently resorted. Exactly opposite the famed tavern is a portion of the premises that did belong to Godfrey J. Cooke, of Southampton Street, the oldest chemist's and druggist's shop in the metropolis, having been established in the year 1680. The Bedford Head Tavern

still flourishes under the kind and obliging direction of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ward. In the spacious room on the first floor, the members of an excellent literary and artistic club, called the "Re-union," meet thrice weekly, enjoying the interchange of social and friendly sentiments, and the discussion of topics which are most intimately associated with literature and art. And also at this famed hostelry may the Ancient Britons who reside in, or visit, London, enjoy a refreshing draught of their native ale, that taketh not the reason prisoner, provided they do not imbibe the exhilarating fluid too vigorously.

Among the many friendships I formed during my Dublin life, none has been more agreeable and enduring than the one cemented with Charles Manby, Esq., the eminent civil engineer. The immediate occasion of my friend's visit to Dublin at that period, was to voyage across the Channel in one of the first steamers that made the passage from England to Ireland.

It was an iron vessel, built and named after his honoured father, "*The Aaron Manby.*"

Among my other numerous stanch and valued friends I have great pleasure in recording the names of my London friends:—His Grace the Duke of Leinster, Viscount Combermère, Sir William De Bathe, the Hon. Louis Wingfield, Colonel Henry De Bathe, Professor Fergusson, F.R.S., Dr. Billing, Dr. Hastings, Thos. Young, M.D., Henry Villebois, Andrew Arcedeckne, Captain James Stewart, Captain Peters, Joseph Anderson, Donald Nicoll, Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts, Frederick Gye, sen., Frederick Gye, jun., William Sams, Mark Lemon, Sir Patrick Roney, Henry Nicoll, Horatio Claggett, John Burton Phillipson, Benjamin Webster, Thomas Jerwood, Richard Churchill, Horatio Mahomed, George Robert Stephenson, Alfred Mellon, John Oxenford, Drinkwater Meadows, Robert Keeley, Edmund Falconer, Thos. Simpson, Robert Bell, Charles Newcombe, the Brothers Southwell, J. Grainger, T. Williams, (N. H.), J. L. Toole, Edward Sothern, J. W. Anson, John

Billington, Edward Conran, Peter Thompson, John Scott, Joseph Bond, William Willott, J. B. Buckstone, The Norwood Child, The Knights of the Round Table, T. Mathew (Box Hill), Hon. Henry Berkeley M.P., James Grant (*Morning Advertiser*), Charles Jacques, Peter Berlgure, J. Kinlock, Frank Toole, Esquires.

My friends at Liverpool:—Wilfred Troutbeck, Michael J. Whitty, — Shemmin, — Crelin, Samuel Mellor, — Miller, Edmund Molyneux, E. Fairclough, — Russell, A. Whitty, jun., Wm. Copeland, Alexander Henderson, Esquires.

My friends at Dublin:—The Two Dromios, Henry and Charles Webb, Esquires.

Also, at Belfast, — M'Kenna, — M'Teare, — M'Alinden, and John Devlin, Esquires, and multitudinous others too numerous to mention.

And now, my fostering friends and patrons, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your devoted boy,

PAUL.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00023682

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016